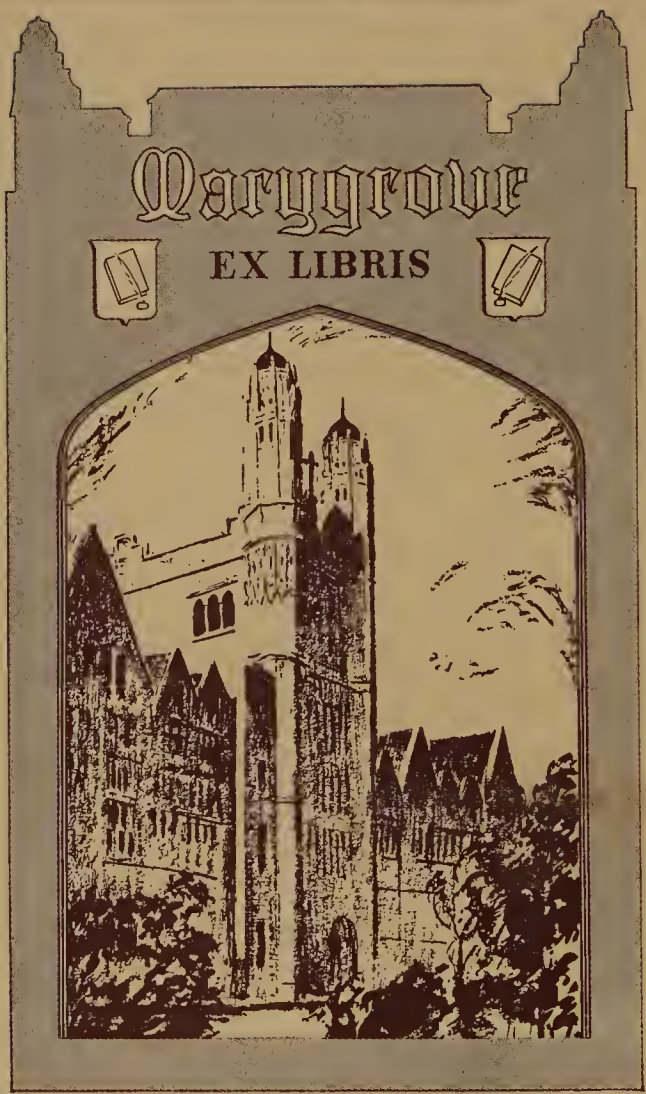
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"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN"

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

La Purissima

One of the most celebrated achievements of the great Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), and the treasure of the collection at the Prado Museum, Madrid

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN"

THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MOTHER

Illustrated by

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MASTERPIECES

OF THE

WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTERS

WITH INSPIRED WRITINGS TELLING THE STORY OF THE SAVIOUR, PROPHECIES OF THE FELICITIES ATTENDING HIS COMING, HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD, HIS VICTORY OVER SATAN IN THE WILDERNESS

Compiled by

WILLIAM FREDERICK BUTLER

Foreword by

MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL

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1700

To
WILLIAM J. ONAHAN
devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin and
Private Chamberlain to the Pope
is affectionately dedicated
this tribute to
the Saviour and His Mother

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A FOREWORD

"BLESSED art thou among women"—words of the Archangel Gabriel to Mary, the Virgin of Nazareth, announcing that she was to bring forth a son, whom she was to call Jesus. "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed: because he that is mighty hath done great things to me"—words of Mary herself in her poem of inspiration, chanted in thanksgiving for the wondrous privilege of her divine maternity.

The words of the Archangel and those of Mary herself have been re-echoed far and wide adown the ages, wherever Holy Writ receives a hearing, wherever the sublime mystery of the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is acclaimed as the supreme gift of eternal Mercy to the children of humanity.

In grateful remembrance of the words of the Archangel and of those of Mary herself, the Church of Jesus Christ, God Incarnate, has never failed in the proclamation of the blessedness of Mary, in the attribution to her of the love and the honor to which this blessedness impels. The unvarying loyalty of the Church to that proclamation is the mark of her origin in the teachings of the Christian Gospel, of the continuous abiding with her of the spirit of that Gospel, of her compliance with the prophecy so plainly inscribed upon its divinely written pages.

"Blessed art thou among women": this, in all Christian ages, the iterated and reiterated chant of the Church in her sacred liturgies, the public, outspoken professions of the faith of her mind: this, in all Christian ages, the whole-souled salute, morning and evening, surging from the hearts and the lips of the tens of millions of nations and peoples within the reach of her spiritual sceptre.

"Blessed art thou among women": this, too, the cherished salute of human art in its searches of personalities whence to draw inspiration worthiest of its highest ingenuity of chisel and of pencil. Art, in its many forms of expression, covets the true, the

good, and the beautiful, and revels in the task of lending to the invisible ideal visible reflected radiancy, which to see is to admire and love, and thereby be enabled to conceive in somewhat nearer adequateness the perfections of the original reality. And so, amid its quests, art caught up the vision of Mary of Nazareth, whom an archangel from the high skies had joyously hailed as "Full of grace": and its masterpieces in marble and on canvas were images of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, the Mother of God:

> *"Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,*
> *Humble and high beyond all other creature,*
> *The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,*
> *Thou art the One who such nobility*
> *To human nature gave, that its Creator*
> *Did not disdain to make Himself its creature."**

The triumphs of human art are its pictures of Mary, maid and mother. Art has been the willing auxiliary of the Church in her fulfillment of Mary's prophecy—"For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

"Hail, full of grace": so spoke Gabriel to Mary. Whence the grace thus overflowing the soul of Mary? The answer is—from the Eternal Word, in whom it was Mary's singular right to behold her Son. And why a fullness of grace? Because of Mary's proximity to Deity—a proximity bordering, as Christian theology asserts, upon Deity's very confines.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" . . . "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." The Word was made man, "for us men and for our salvation." Always God through His divine nature, He was man through His human nature—always, whether toward one nature or toward the other, God in personality, the eternal personality of the Eternal Word. In Jesus, Incarnate God, the human nature, no less than the divine, terminates in divine personality: and thus Mary, from whom was born the human nature of Jesus, Mary the Mother of Jesus "God our Saviour," is the Mother of God—the "Theotikos" of the Greek

* From *La Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri: "Il Paradiso," Canto XXXIII, lines 1 to 6. Translation by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

liturgy, the "Dei Genitrix" of the Latin. Jesus is God: Mary is the Mother of God.

Mother of God, Mary was the beloved of God: the favors, the graces of God flowed toward her as of natural inheritance. And because of those favors and graces our love and our reverence are unstintedly accorded to her. Mary always is the creature: only as the creature can she obtain our homage. But, as amid all creatures, she is the fairest, the holiest, to her above all other creatures do we tender our love and our reverence. To Mary, as to none other, do we, with the Archangel, speak aloud our salute: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women."

"For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed": and blessed, too, in participation, as it were, of Mary's own blessedness, are the sons and the daughters of humanity, who, verily and from their hearts, respond to the invitation of Mary's own prophecy.

Ideals rule in the world of men. The world of men is in sore need of the higher things of the spiritual world—proximity to God in thought and in affection, stainlessness of soul, holiness of purpose and of act. Of all those things Mary is the beauteous, life-inspiring ideal—she who was declared by the Archangel to be "Full of grace"—so "full of grace" that, in an exceptional manner, the Lord was with her in bonds of divine complacency—so "full of grace" that she was "Blessed among women" and foremarked as one whom all future generations were to call "Blessed."

Alas, whatever of other ages in the story of humanity, ours is ruefully trending to matter and to sense, to the things that darken the vision of the supernal and make of men and of women the mere earth, the playthings of earthly appetites. Salvation is from Heaven alone. Let us hold before us the sainted images of the brothers and the sisters of humanity who, while among us, coveted above all else the purity and holiness of the God-like life and made of its sweetness their food and drink, in order that a participation in it be their own very life. Doing this, we ourselves shall be fitted to rise in flight of soul above the miasma of

the murky mire into the sun-lit heights to which we are dedicated by the Creator and the Saviour.

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
*Of high with low, celestial with terrene!"**

Mary, be our morning and our evening star, revealing to our eyes the pure light of the skies, and awakening within us the ambition thither to fly, there to dwell!

With this end in view, the volume, entitled *"Blessed Art Thou Among Women,"* goes forth upon its hopeful journeyings. The volume presents to us Mary in the tracings of art, as art, guided by the teachings of Holy Writ and the inspirations of Christian piety, beholds Maid and Mother in her plenary loveliness of soul, and strives, in master strokes, to picture upon images of her fair countenance the radiations of that loveliness. Contemplating those tracings, we shall be drawn to Mary; and, drawn to her, we shall covet for our own souls something of the rich graces that made her a creature so beauteous in the eyes of God as to merit for herself the salute—"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women."

* "The Virgin" by William Wordsworth.

John Ireland
Archbishop of St. Paul

INTRODUCTION

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF HOPE

ECSTASY OF ST. BERNARD

A beautiful work painted by the celebrated Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). Here is seen the illustrious Bernard of Clairvaux in communion with the Virgin. The picture now hangs in the Prado Gallery, Madrid

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF HOPE

INTRODUCTION

The Prayer of St. Bernard in Paradise to the Virgin Mother

From Dante's "Paradiso," translated from the Italian by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

And she, the Queen of Heaven, for whom I burn
Wholly with love, will grant us every grace,
Because that I her faithful Bernard am.

THOU Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
Thou art the One who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make Himself its creature.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this Flower has germinated.
Here unto us thou art a Noonday Torch
Of Charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art The Living Fountain-Head of Hope.

Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.
Not only thy benignity gives succor
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature.

Now doth this man, who from the lowest depth
Of the universe, as far as here has seen
One after one the spiritual lives,
Supplicate thee through grace for so much power
That with his eyes he may uplift himself
Higher towards the Uttermost Salvation.

And I, who never burned for my own seeing
More than I do for his, all of my prayers
Proffer to thee, and pray they come not short,
That thou wouldst scatter from him every cloud
Of his mortality so with thy prayers,
That the chief pleasure be to him displayed.

Still farther do I pray thee, Queen, who canst
Whate'er thou wilt, that sound thou mayst
preserve

After so great a vision his affections.
Let thy protection conquer human movements;
See Beatrice and all the blessed ones
My prayers to second clasp their hands to thee!

DANTE

A detail of the famous painting by Raphael known as the Parnassus, in the Vatican at Rome

PART ONE

THE MESSIAH PROPHESIED

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN"

"BEHOLD A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE AND BEAR A SON"

THE MESSIAH PROPHESIED

Arranged from the Prophecy of Isaias

For a CHILD IS BORN TO US, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.

His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace: he shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom; to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and for ever.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that sheweth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign!

BE comforted, be comforted, my people, saith your God.

I, I myself will comfort you:

As one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you, and you shall be comforted in Jerusalem.

Thus saith the Lord God that created the heavens, and stretched them out: that established the earth, and the things that spring out of it: that giveth breath to the people upon it, and spirit to them that tread thereon.

What is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard, that I have not done to it?

For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel: and the man of Juda, his pleasant plant: and I looked that he should do judgment, and behold iniquity: and do justice, and behold a cry.

And the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: because they have transgressed the laws, they have changed the ordinance, they have broken the everlasting covenant.

The vintage hath mourned, the vine hath languished away, all the merry-hearted have sighed.

The mirth of timbrels hath ceased, the noise of them that rejoice is ended, the melody of the harp is silent.

All mirth is forsaken: the joy of the earth is gone away.

Fear, and the pit, and the snare are upon thee, O thou inhabitant of the earth.

Thus saith the Lord thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God that teach thee profitable things, that govern thee in the way that thou walkest.

JESSE, FATHER OF DAVID

Part of the marvelous ceiling decorations in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, Rome, painted by Michelangelo di Ludovico Buonarroti Simone (1475–1564)

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments: thy peace had been as a river, and thy justice as the waves of the sea.

Can a woman forget her infant?

And if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee.

Return as you had deeply revolted, O children of Israel.

If you return and be quiet, you shall be saved: in silence and in hope shall your strength be.

For I am the Lord thy God, who take thee by the hand, and say to thee: Fear not.

Who hath forwarded the spirit of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor, and hath taught him?

With whom hath he consulted, and who hath instructed him, and taught him the path of justice, and taught him knowledge, and shewed him the way of understanding?

And to whom have ye likened me, or made me equal, saith the Holy One?

Do you not know? hath it not been heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning?

Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these things:

Knowest thou not, or hast thou not heard? the Lord is the everlasting God, who hath created the ends of the earth: he shall not faint, nor labour, neither is there any searching out of his wisdom.

Who hath wrought and done these things, calling the

TRIUMPH OF DAVID

One of the fifty-two biblical scenes painted by Raphael (1483–1520) on the vaulting of what are known as Raphael's Logge in the Vatican at Rome. These paintings are called Raphael's Bible

generations from the beginning? I the Lord, I am the first and the last.

It is he that giveth strength to the weary, and increaseth force and might to them that are not.

Thou that seest many things, wilt thou not observe them? thou that hast ears open, wilt thou not hear?

For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself that formed the earth, and made it, the very maker thereof: he did not create it in vain: he formed it to be inhabited. I am the Lord, and there is no other.

℣ Get thee up upon a high mountain, thou that bringest good tidings to Sion: lift up thy voice with strength, thou that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem: lift it up, fear not. Say to the cities of Juda: Behold your God.

Make this to be heard, and speak it out even to the ends of the earth.

Is my hand shortened and become little, that I cannot redeem? or is there no strength in me to deliver?

Behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear.

Thus saith the Lord: In an acceptable time I have heard thee.

Behold I have refined thee, but not as silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of poverty. ℣

ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE VIRGIN

A detail of one of the gems of the art collection at the Louvre, Paris. The figures in the complete picture, painted by Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), are the Madonna, the infant Christ, and St. Anne

And now I will shew you what I will do to my vineyard.

I am the Lord that keep it, I will suddenly give it drink: lest any hurt come to it, I keep it night and day.

Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken.

And there shall come a redeemer to Sion, and to them that return from iniquity in Jacob.

For they shall cry to the Lord because of the oppressor, and he shall send them a Saviour and a defender to deliver them.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel.

Behold the Lord God shall come with strength, and his arm shall rule: Behold his reward is with him and his work is before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather together the lambs with his arm, and shall take them up in his bosom, and he himself shall carry them that are with young.

They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in every plain.

They shall not hunger, nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them: for he that is merciful to them, shall be their shepherd, and at the fountains of waters he shall give them drink.

THE PARENTS OF THE VIRGIN

This is a detail of the picture in the Royal Museum at Brussels, painted by Jan van Coninxlo (1489–?), a Flemish painter who worked in the first half of the sixteenth century

And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root.

And I will lay the key of the house of David upon his shoulder: and he shall open, and none shall shut: and he shall shut, and none shall open.

And I will fasten him as a peg in a sure place, and he shall be for a throne of glory to the house of his father.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him: the spirit of wisdom, and of understanding, the spirit of counsel, and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge, and of godliness.

And he shall be filled with the spirit of the fear of the Lord. He shall not judge according to the sight of the eyes, nor reprove according to the hearing of the ears.

But he shall judge the poor with justice, and shall reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And justice shall be the girdle of his loins: and faith the girdle of his reins.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb: and the leopard shall lie down with the kid: the calf and the lion, and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.

The calf and the bear shall feed: their young ones shall rest together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the

PRAYER OF ST. ANNE

Painted by Bernardino Luini (1475–1533), the most celebrated master of the Lombard School of painters. This picture is preserved in the Brera Gallery at Milan, Italy

asp: and the weaned child shall thrust his hand into the den of the basilisk.

They shall not hurt, nor shall they kill in all my holy mountain, for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea.

In that day the root of Jesse, who standeth for an ensign of the people, him the Gentiles shall beseech, and his sepulchre shall be glorious.

And under his glory shall be kindled a burning, as it were the burning of a fire.

And the light of Israel shall be as a fire, and the Holy One thereof as a flame: and his thorns and his briers shall be set on fire, and shall be devoured in one day.

And he shall set up a standard unto the nations, and shall assemble the fugitives of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Juda from the four quarters of the earth.

And a throne shall be prepared in mercy, and one shall sit upon it in truth in the tabernacle of David, judging and seeking judgment and quickly rendering that which is just.

Behold my servant, I will uphold him: my elect, my soul delighteth in him: I have given my spirit upon him, he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

Behold my servant shall understand, he shall be exalted, and extolled, and shall be exceeding high.

NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN

A work of exquisitely blended colors by the great Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). This painting, regarded as one of the most delightful specimens of Murillo's "calido" or warm style, now hangs in the Louvre Museum at Paris

He shall not cry, nor have respect to person, neither shall his voice be heard abroad.

The bruised reed he shall not break, and smoking flax he shall not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

He shall not be sad, nor troublesome, till he set judgment in the earth: and the islands shall wait for his law.

Give ear, ye islands, and hearken, ye people from afar.

Kings shall see, and princes shall rise up, and adore for the Lord's sake, because he is faithful.

BEHOLD the Lord hath made it to be heard in the ends of the earth, tell the daughter of Sion: Behold thy Saviour cometh: behold his reward is with him, and his work before him.

Israel is my inheritance.

Thy eyes shall see Jerusalem, a rich habitation, a tabernacle that cannot be removed:

And I will turn my hand to thee, and I will clean purge away thy dross, and I will take away all thy tin.

And I will restore thy judges as they were before, and thy counsellors as of old. After this thou shalt be called the city of the just, a faithful city.

Sion shall be redeemed in judgment, and they shall bring her back in justice.

In that day the bud of the Lord shall be in magnificence and glory, and the fruit of the earth shall be high, and

NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN

Painted on the wall of one of the chapels of the church of Santa Maria della Salute at Venice by Luca Giordano (1632–1705), a master of the Neapolitan School of painting

a great joy to them that shall have escaped of Israel. These shall lift up their voice, and shall give praise.

And it shall come to pass, that every one that is left in Sion, and that shall remain in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, every one that is written in life in Jerusalem.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and they that shall escape of the house of Jacob, shall lean no more upon him that striketh them: but they shall lean upon the Lord the Holy One of Israel, in truth.

The remnant shall be converted, the remnant, I say, of Jacob, to the mighty God.

For if thy people, O Israel, shall be as the sand of the sea, a remnant of them shall be converted.

And there shall be a highway for the remnant of my people.

Rejoice, and praise, O thou habitation of Sion: for great is he that is in the midst of thee, the Holy One of Israel.

For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose out of Israel, and will make them rest upon their own ground.

God shall give thee rest from thy labour, and from thy vexation, and from the hard bondage, wherewith thou didst serve before.

For the people of Sion shall dwell in Jerusalem.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

The church of the Madonna dell' Orto at Venice contains several of the leading works of Jacopo Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto (1518–1594). The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple reproduced here was painted about the year 1546

When they shall rush in unto Jacob, Israel shall blossom and bud, and they shall fill the face of the world with seed.

In that day the Lord of hosts shall be a crown of glory, and a garland of joy to the residue of his people:

You shall have a song as in the night of the sanctified solemnity, and joy of heart.

Behold I will lay a stone in the foundations of Sion, a tried stone, a corner stone, a precious stone, founded in the foundation.

And in that day the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and out of darkness and obscurity the eyes of the blind shall see.

And the meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel.

Jacob shall not now be confounded, neither shall his countenance now be ashamed:

But when he shall see his children, the work of my hands in the midst of him sanctifying my name, and they shall sanctify the Holy One of Jacob, and shall glorify the God of Israel:

There is none that shall faint, nor labour among them.

And they that erred in spirit, shall know understanding, and they that murmured, shall learn the law.

They shall rejoice before thee, as they that rejoice in the harvest.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

One of the works of the Neapolitan master, Luca Giordano (1632–1705), painted on the wall of one of the chapels in the church of Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, Italy

I am the Lord your Holy One, the Creator of Israel, your King.

Give praise, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath shewn mercy: shout with joy, ye ends of the earth: ye mountains, resound with praise, thou, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and Israel shall be glorified.

I am the Lord, that make all things, that alone stretch out the heavens, that establish the earth, and there is none with me.

That raise up the word of my servant and perform the counsel of my messengers, who say to Jerusalem: Thou shalt be inhabited: and to the cities of Juda: You shall be built, and I will raise up the wastes thereof.

Who say to Jerusalem: Thou shalt be built: and to the temple: Thy foundations shall be laid.

And I will give thee hidden treasures, and the concealed riches of secret places: that thou mayest know that I am the Lord who call thee by thy name, the God of Israel.

Israel is saved in the Lord with an eternal salvation: you shall not be confounded, and you shall not be ashamed for ever and ever.

Thou art my servant Israel, for in thee will I glory.

And all flesh shall know, that I am the Lord that save thee, and thy Redeemer the Mighty One of Jacob.

The Lord therefore will comfort Sion, and will comfort all the ruins thereof: and he will make her desert as a

ST. ANNE TEACHING THE VIRGIN

A pleasing example of Murillo's truthful and sentimental expression in painting. This is one of the forty-five paintings by Murillo in the Prado Museum at Madrid

place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of praise.

Thou shalt be clothed with all these as with an ornament, and as a bride thou shalt put them about thee.

For thy deserts, and thy desolate places, and the land of thy destruction shall now be too narrow by reason of the inhabitants, and they that swallowed thee up shall be chased far away.

ARISE, arise, put on thy strength, O Sion, put on the garments of thy glory, O Jerusalem, the city of the Holy One: for henceforth the uncircumcised, and unclean shall no more pass through thee.

Shake thyself from the dust, arise, sit up, O Jerusalem: loose the bonds from off thy neck, O captive daughter of Sion.

Rejoice, and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people: he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

For you shall not go out in a tumult, neither shall you make haste by flight: for the Lord will go before you and the God of Israel will gather you together.

For you shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall sing praise before you, and all the trees of the country shall clap their hands.

THE VIRGIN AND JOACHIM, HER FATHER

Painted by Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), and now the gem of the gallery of paintings at the Museum in the Colegio de Santa Cruz, Valladolid, Spain

Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising.

And I will glorify the house of my majesty.

And thy gates shall be open continually: they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought.

The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir tree, and the box tree, and the pine tree together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary: and I will glorify the place of my feet.

I have brought my justice near, it shall not be afar off: and my salvation shall not tarry. I will give salvation in Sion, and my glory in Israel.

I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and will burst the bars of iron.

And the children of them that afflict thee, shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet, and shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

Because thou wast forsaken, and hated, and there was none that passed through thee, I will make thee to be

ST. ANNE, JOACHIM, AND THE VIRGIN

This is a modern conception of the Virgin and her parents, painted by Gaidano. The original is part of a private gallery

an everlasting glory, a joy unto generation and generation:

And thou shalt know that I am the Lord thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver: and for wood brass, and for stones iron: and I will make thy visitation peace, and thy overseers justice.

Iniquity shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction in thy borders, and salvation shall possess thy walls, and praise thy gates.

Thou shalt no more have the sun for thy light by day, neither shall the brightness of the moon enlighten thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting light, and thy God for thy glory.

I made the earth: and I created man upon it:

I have raised him up to justice, and I will direct all his ways:

In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and praised.

Thy sun shall go down no more, and thy moon shall not decrease: for the Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

And thy people shall be all just, they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hand to glorify me.

And they shall build the places that have been waste from of old, and shall raise up ancient ruins, and shall

THE VIRGIN

A detail of one of Murillo's celebrated paintings of the Madonna. This work may be seen in the Prado Museum at Madrid

repair the desolate cities, that were destroyed for generation and generation.

And the Gentiles shall see thy just one, and all kings thy glorious one: and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

And thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

Thou shalt no more be called Forsaken: and thy land shall no more be called Desolate: but thou shalt be called My pleasure in her, and thy land inhabited. Because the Lord hath been well pleased with thee: and thy land shall be inhabited.

Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day, and all the night, they shall never hold their peace.

But thou shalt be called: A city sought after, and not forsaken.

And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Juda a possessor of my mountains: and my elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there.

For behold I create new heavens, and a new earth: and the former things shall not be in remembrance, and they shall not come upon the heart.

But you shall be glad and rejoice for ever in these things, which I create: for behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and the people thereof joy.

THE VIRGIN

Painted by the Roman master, Carlo Maratta (1625–1713), this picture now hangs in the picture gallery of the Palace of the Academy of Science at Turin, Italy

And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people, and the voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruits of them.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree, so shall be the days of my people, and the works of their hands shall be of long continuance.

My elect shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth in trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their posterity with them.

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will hear; as they are yet speaking, I will hear.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together; the lion and the ox shall eat straw; and dust shall be the serpent's food; they shall not hurt nor kill in all my holy mountain.

Rejoice with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all you that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all you that mourn for her.

For as the new heavens, and the new earth, which I will make to stand before me, saith the Lord: so shall your seed stand, and your name.

Remember these things, O Jacob, and Israel, for thou art my servant. I have formed thee, thou art my servant, O Israel, forget me not.

ST. JOSEPH WITH THE MYSTIC STAFF

Joseph was selected as the husband of Mary because the dry rod he laid on the altar burst into flower. Painted by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666), this work is hung in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

EVERY valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall become straight, and the rough ways plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh together shall see, that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken.

Thou Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend.

Fear not, for I am with thee: turn not aside, for I am thy God:

Behold all that fight against thee shall be confounded and ashamed, they shall be as nothing, and the men shall perish that strive against thee.

And thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, in the Holy One of Israel thou shalt be joyful.

The needy and the poor seek for waters, and there are none: their tongue hath been dry with thirst. I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

I will open rivers in the high hills, and fountains in the midst of the plains: I will turn the desert into pools of waters, and the impassable land into streams of waters.

I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, and the thorn, and the myrtle, and the olive tree: I will set in the desert the fir tree, the elm, and the box tree together:

THE VIRGIN

A detail of the painting in the Louvre at Paris, known as La Bella Giardiniera, one of the fairest and gentlest of Raphael's madonnas. In the picture with the Madonna are the infant Christ and little St. John

The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily.

It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise: the glory of Libanus is given to it: the beauty of Carmel, and Saron, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God.

Strengthen ye the feeble hands, and confirm the weak knees.

Say to the fainthearted: Take courage, and fear not: behold your God will bring the revenge of recompense: God himself will come and will save you.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

And I will lead the blind into the way which they know not: and in the paths which they were ignorant of I will make them walk: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight:

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free: for waters are broken out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness.

And that which was dry land, shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In the dens where dragons dwelt before, shall rise up the verdure of the reed and the bulrush.

And a path and a way shall be there, and it shall be

THE ESPOUSALS

In this picture, one of the art treasures of the Wallace collection, London, the great Spanish painter, Murillo (1618–1682), has depicted the scene of the espousals of Mary and Joseph

called the holy way: the unclean shall not pass over it, and this shall be unto you a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any mischievous beast go up by it, nor be found there: but they shall walk there that shall be delivered.

Remember not former things, and look not on things of old.

Behold I do new things, and now they shall spring forth, verily you shall know them: I will make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

The beast of the field shall glorify me, the dragons and the ostriches: because I have given waters in the wilderness, rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, to my chosen.

For I will pour out waters upon the thirsty ground, and streams upon the dry land: I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy stock.

Instead of the shrub, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the nettle, shall come up the myrtle tree: and the Lord shall be named for an everlasting sign, that shall not be taken away.

And I will make all my mountains a way, and my paths shall be exalted.

Give praise, O ye heavens, and rejoice, O earth, ye mountains, give praise with jubilation: because the Lord

THE VIRGIN

This attractive portrayal of the Virgin's religious faith and humility is by the Florentine master, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686), and now hangs in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, Italy

hath comforted his people, and will have mercy on his poor ones.

And the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and shall come into Sion with praise, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

GIVE ear to me, you that follow that which is just, and you that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out.

Come near, ye Gentiles, and hear, and hearken, ye people: let the earth hear, and all that is therein, the world, and every thing that cometh forth of it.

Hear, ye deaf, and, ye blind, behold that you may see.

Be converted to me, and you shall be saved, all ye ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is no other.

This is the way, walk ye in it: and go not aside neither to the right hand, nor to the left.

Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that heareth the voice of his servant, that hath walked in darkness, and hath no light? let him hope in the name of the Lord, and lean upon his God.

Blessed is the man that doth this, and the son of man that shall lay hold on this.

All you that thirst, come to the waters: and you that

SPOSALIZIO, OR ESPOUSALS OF THE VIRGIN

This far-famed work was painted by Raphael in 1504 for the church of S. Francesco in Città di Castello, where it remained until 1798. It now hangs in the picture gallery of the Brera Palace at Milan, Italy

have no money make haste, buy, and eat: come ye, buy wine and milk without money, and without any price.

Why do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which doth not satisfy you? Hearken diligently to me, and eat that which is good, and your soul shall be delighted in fatness.

Incline your ear and come to me: hear and your soul shall live.

Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found: call upon him, while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and he will have mercy on him, and to our God: for he is bountiful to forgive.

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself: and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread.

And he shall be a sanctification to you.

Wash yourselves, be clean, take away the evil of your devices from my eyes: cease to do perversely,

Learn to do well: seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge for the fatherless, defend the widow.

If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow: and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool.

If you be willing, and will hearken to me, you shall eat the good things of the land.

THE VIRGIN

An inspired work of the Bolognese and Roman master, Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666), now in the Corsini collection at Rome, Italy

You shall draw waters with joy out of the saviour's fountains.

He that walketh in justices, and speaketh truth, that casteth away avarice by oppression, and shaketh his hands from all bribes, that stoppeth his ears lest he hear blood, and shutteth his eyes that he may see no evil.

He shall dwell on high, the fortifications of rocks shall be his highness: bread is given him, his waters are sure.

His eyes shall see the king in his beauty, they shall see the land far off.

And every one that calleth upon my name, I have created him for my glory, I have formed him, and made him.

And thou shalt know that I am the Lord, for they shall not be confounded that wait for him.

But they that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall take wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Every one shall help his neighbour, and shall say to his brother: Be of good courage.

Keep ye judgment, and do justice: for my salvation is near to come, and my justice to be revealed.

They that shall keep my sabbaths, and shall choose the things that please me, and shall hold fast my covenant:

I will give to them in my house, and within my walls, a place, and a name better than sons and daughters: I

ST. ELIZABETH

This admirably lighted head of the mother of John the Baptist was painted by Guido Reni (1575–1642), and now hangs in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

will give them an everlasting name which shall never perish.

Every one that keepeth the sabbath from profaning it, and that holdeth fast my covenant:

I will bring them into my holy mount, and will make them joyful in my house of prayer: their holocausts, and their victims shall please me upon my altar: for my house shall be called the house of prayer, for all nations.

Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the bundles that oppress, let them that are broken go free, and break asunder every burden.

Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harbourless into thy house: when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh.

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear: thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou wilt take away the chain out of the midst of thee, and cease to stretch out the finger, and to speak that which profiteth not.

When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday.

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL

Painted by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666). This work hangs in the picture gallery of the Colonna Palace at Rome

And the Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness, and deliver thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail.

And the places that have been desolate for ages shall be built in thee: thou shalt raise up the foundations of generation and generation: and thou shalt be called the repairer of the fences, turning the paths into rest.

If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy own will in my holy day, and call the sabbath delightful, and the holy of the Lord glorious, and glorify him, while thou dost not thy own ways, and thy own will is not found, to speak a word:

Then shalt thou be delighted in the Lord, and I will lift thee up above the high places of the earth, and will feed thee with the inheritance of Jacob thy father.

HEARKEN to me, you that know what is just, my people who have my law in your heart:

The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen.

And the Lord will create upon every place of mount Sion, and where he is called upon, a cloud by day, and a smoke and the brightness of a flaming fire in the night: for over all the glory shall be a protection.

ZACHARIAS IN THE TEMPLE

This work by the famous Florentine master, Domenico di Tommaso Curradi di Dosso Bigordi, surnamed Ghirlandajo (1449–1494), is a fresco in the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, Italy. The figures in the foreground are portraits of noted men of Ghirlandajo's time

And there shall be a tabernacle for a shade in the daytime from the heat, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind, and from rain.

And in the last days the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be prepared on the top of mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many people shall go, and say: Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall come forth from Sion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge the Gentiles, and rebuke many people: and they shall turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into sickles: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised any more to war.

And the loftiness of men shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be humbled, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.

And idols shall be utterly destroyed.

In that day a man shall cast away his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which he had made for himself to adore, moles and bats.

And the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and the holy God shall be sanctified in justice.

THE ANNUNCIATION

This picture depicts Gabriel setting out on his mission of annunciation to the Virgin. Painted by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666), this work now hangs in the Public Gallery at Forli, Italy

And I will make the pride of infidels to cease, and will bring down the arrogancy of the mighty.

There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord.

They have broken the eggs of asps, and have woven the webs of spiders:

Their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed innocent blood: their thoughts are unprofitable thoughts: wasting and destruction are in their ways.

They have not known the way of peace, and there is no judgment in their steps: their paths are become crooked to them, every one that treadeth in them, knoweth no peace.

As for my people, their oppressors have stripped them.

Therefore saith the Lord the God of hosts, the mighty one of Israel: Ah! I will comfort myself over my adversaries: and I will be revenged of my enemies.

The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man, as a man of war shall he stir up zeal: he shall shout and cry: he shall prevail against his enemies.

And he shall destroy in this mountain the face of the bond with which all people were tied.

And all that resist him shall be confounded.

Like as the lion roareth, and the lion's whelp upon his prey, and when a multitude of shepherds shall come against him, he will not fear at their voice, nor be afraid of their multitude: so shall the Lord of hosts come down

THE ANNUNCIATION

A wonderful example of Murillo's mastery in the harmonious grouping of figures and skill in imparting light and atmosphere to his canvases. Now at the Prado Gallery, Madrid

to fight upon mount Sion, and upon the hill thereof.

As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts protect Jerusalem, protecting and delivering, passing over and saving.

Because the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and highminded, and upon every one that is arrogant, and he shall be humbled.

Why do you consume my people, and grind the faces of the poor?

These things are in my ears, saith the Lord of hosts:

And the Lord shall destroy out of Israel the head and the tail, him that bendeth down, and him that holdeth back, in one day.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that his burden shall be taken away from off thy shoulder, and his yoke from off thy neck.

Babylon, glorious among kingdoms, the famous pride of the Chaldeans, shall be even as the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrha.

It shall no more be inhabited for ever, and it shall not be founded unto generation and generation.

Sit thou silent, and get thee into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldeans: for thou shalt no more be called the lady of kingdoms.

Evil shall come upon thee, and thou shalt not know the rising thereof: and calamity shall fall violently upon

THE ANNUNCIATION

Painted by Orazio Gentileschi (1562–1647), an Italian master noted for the vivid coloring and strong shadows in his pictures. This Annunciation hangs in the picture gallery in the Palace of the Academy of Science at Turin, Italy

thee, which thou canst not keep off: misery shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know.

Behold the Lord will ascend upon a swift cloud, and will enter into Egypt, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst thereof.

And the spirit of Egypt shall be broken.

And the land of Juda shall be a terror to Egypt: every one that shall remember it shall tremble because of the counsel of the Lord of hosts, which he hath determined concerning it.

And they that were lost, shall come from the land of the Assyrians, and they that were outcasts in the land of Egypt, and they shall adore the Lord in the holy mount in Jerusalem.

A man shall be more precious than gold, yea a man than the finest of gold.

In that day man shall bow down himself to his Maker, and his eyes shall look to the Holy One of Israel.

And the Lord of hosts shall make unto all people in this mountain, a feast of fat things, a feast of wine, of fat things full of marrow, of wine purified from the lees.

He shall cast death down headlong for ever: and the Lord God shall wipe away tears from every face, and the reproach of his people he shall take away from off the whole earth.

THE VISITATION

The scene of the Virgin Mary's visit to St. Elizabeth, painted by Mariotto Albertinelli (1474–1515), a painter of the Florentine School. This work, ranked among the finest creations of Italian art, may be seen at the Pitti Palace, Florence, Italy

And they shall say in that day: Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord, we have patiently waited for him, we shall rejoice and be joyful in his salvation.

In that day the Lord with his hard, and great, and strong sword shall visit leviathan the bar serpent, and leviathan the crooked serpent, and shall slay the whale that is in the sea.

In that day there shall be singing to the vineyard of pure wine.

And rain shall be given to thy seed, wheresoever thou shalt sow in the land: and the bread of the corn of the land shall be most plentiful, and fat.

And the Lord shall make the glory of his voice to be heard.

In that day shall this canticle be sung in the land of Juda. Sion the city of our strength a saviour, a wall and a bulwark shall be set therein.

Open ye the gates, and let the just nation, that keepeth the truth, enter in.

The old error is passed away: thou wilt keep peace: peace, because we have hoped in thee.

For he shall bring down them that dwell on high, the high city he shall lay low. He shall bring it down even to the ground, he shall pull it down even to the dust.

THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

An admirable composition by the Italian painter, Pietro Paolini (1603–1681). This picture now hangs in the picture gallery of the Provincial Palace at Lucca, Italy

The foot shall tread it down, the feet of the poor, the steps of the needy.

The way of the just is right, the path of the just is right to walk in.

And in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, we have patiently waited for thee: thy name, and thy remembrance are the desire of the soul.

When thou shalt do thy judgments on the earth, the inhabitants of the world shall learn justice.

Lord, thou wilt give us peace: for thou hast wrought all our works for us.

O Lord our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us, only in thee let us remember thy name.

Thou hast been favourable to the nation, O Lord, thou hast been favourable to the nation:

Lord, they have sought after thee in distress, in the tribulation of murmuring thy instruction was with them.

Awake, and give praise, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is the dew of the light:

BEHOLD a king shall reign in justice, and princes shall rule in judgment.

The eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken diligently.

And the heart of fools shall understand knowledge,

PRESENTATION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

In this fresco painted by the Florentine master, Domenico di Tommaso Curradi di Dosso Bigordi, surnamed Ghirlandajo (1449–1494), in the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, Italy, the priest Zacharias is seen writing the words "His name is John" (Luke 1:63)

and the tongue of stammerers shall speak readily and plain.

Assemble yourselves together, all you, and hear:

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name: thou art mine.

When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee: when thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, and the flames shall not burn in thee:

For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

Fear not, for I am with thee: I will gather thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west.

I will say to the north: Give up: and to the south: Keep not back: bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth.

For every knee shall be bowed to me, and every tongue shall swear.

Behold, I have graven thee in my hands: thy walls are always before my eyes.

My salvation shall be for ever, and my justice shall not fail.

Therefore my people shall know my name in that day: for I myself that spoke, behold I am here.

For he that made thee shall rule over thee, the Lord of hosts is his name: and thy Redeemer, the Holy

THE MANGER

A simple yet effective composition by the Italian painter, Federigo Barocci (1528–1612). This painting is one of the best of the artist's numerous works on religious subjects and may be seen at the Prado Gallery, Madrid

One of Israel, shall be called the God of all the earth.

With great mercies will I gather thee.

For the mountains shall be moved, and the hills shall tremble; but my mercy shall not depart from thee, and the covenant of my peace shall not be moved: said the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

Come ye near unto me, and hear this:

O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires,

And I will make thy bulwarks of jasper: and thy gates of graven stones, and all thy borders of desirable stones.

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord: and great shall be the peace of thy children.

And thou shalt be founded in justice: depart far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee.

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper: and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn.

I am, I am he that blot out thy iniquities for my own sake, and I will not remember thy sins.

This people have I formed for myself, they shall shew forth my praise.

And they shall spring up among the herbs, as willows beside the running waters.

HOLY NIGHT

This Holy Night is among the best efforts of Antonio Allegri, surnamed Correggio (1494–1534), the master of chiaroscuro painting. It was painted in 1522 and may now be seen at the Dresden Picture Gallery, Dresden, Germany

Behold thou shalt call a nation, which thou knewest not: and the nations that knew not thee shall run to thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel, for he hath glorified thee.

And the work of justice shall be peace, and the service of justice quietness, and security for ever.

And my people shall sit in the beauty of peace, and in the tabernacles of confidence, and in wealthy rest.

THIS is the counsel, that I have purposed upon all the earth, and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all nations.

For the Lord of hosts hath decreed, and who can disannul it? and his hand is stretched out: and who shall turn it away?

And as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return no more thither, but soak the earth, and water it, and make it to spring, and give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be, which shall go forth from my mouth: it shall not return to me void, but it shall do whatsoever I please, and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth her seed to shoot forth: so shall the Lord God make justice to spring forth, and praise before all the nations.

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

An early work of the Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), and a fine example of his "frigido" or cold style. This painting is hung in the picture gallery of the Prado Museum at Madrid

Hearken unto me, O my people, and give ear to me, O my tribes: for a law shall go forth from me, and my judgment shall rest to be a light of the nations.

Thus saith thy sovereign the Lord and thy God, who will fight for his people.

Who is there among you that will give ear to this, that will attend and hearken for times to come?

THE PROPHET ISAIAS

The great prophet Isaias, painted by Bartolommeo della Porta (1475–1517). Now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence

THE MANGER

Painted by the Dutch master, Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599–1641). This is one of that great artist's simpler compositions but not lacking in realistic beauty. The picture now hangs in the National Gallery in the Corsini Palace at Rome

O VIRGIN, IN THY BOSOM UNDEFILED RECEIVE THOU GOD

Arranged from Milton S. Terry's Translation of the Sibylline Oracles

Judgment at hand, the earth shall sweat with fear:
Eternal King, the Judge shall come on high:
Shall doom all flesh: shall bid the world appear
Unveiled before His Throne. Him every eye
Shall, just or unjust, see in majesty.

Consummate time shall view the saints assemble,
His own assessors; and the souls of men
Round the great judgment seat shall wail and tremble
In fear of sentence. And the green earth then
Shall turn to desert: they that see that day
To moles and bats their gods shall cast away.

Sea, earth, and Heaven, and hell's dread gates shall burn:
Obedient to their call, the dead return:
Nor shall the Judge unfitting doom discern

Of chains and darkness to each wicked soul:
For them that have done good, the starry pole.

Gnashing of teeth, and woe and fierce despair
Of such as hear the righteous Judge declare
Deeds long forgot, which that last day shall bare.

THE VIRGIN WORSHIPING THE INFANT JESUS

Painted in Correggio's wonderful chiaroscuro style. This picture is hung in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, Italy, and is one of the treasures of that famous collection of paintings

Then, when each darken'd breast He brings to sight,
Heaven's stars shall fall; and day be turned to night;
Effaced the sun-ray, and the moon's pale light.

Surely the valleys He on high shall raise;
All hills shall cease, all mountains turn to plain;
Vessel shall no more pass the watery ways:
In the dread lightning parching earth shall blaze,
Ogygian rivers seek to flow in vain:
Unutterable woe the trumpet blast,
Reëchoing through the ether, shall forecast.

Then Tartarus shall wrap the world in gloom,
High chiefs and princes shall receive their doom,
Eternal fire and brimstone for their tomb.

Crown of the world, sweet Wood, salvation's horn,
Rearing its beauty, shall for man be born:
O Wood, that saints adore, and sinners scorn!
So from twelve fountains shall its light be poured:
Staff of the Shepherd, a victorious sword.

NOW when my soul had rest from inspired song,
And I prayed the great Father for a rest
From constraint; even in my heart again
Was set a message of the mighty God
And he bade me proclaim through all the earth

HEROD AND THE THREE KINGS

Here is depicted the scene of the visit of the Three Kings to Herod, a grandiose composition by Sebastiano Conca (1679–1764), an Italian painter of the Neapolitan School. In the picture gallery of the Dresden Museum, Dresden, Germany

And plant in royal minds things yet to be.
For he himself by bringing them to pass
Will prove all things. But do thou in all things,
O people, to the Sibyl give an ear,
Who pours from hallowed mouth a truthful voice.

THE great Son of the Immortal famed in song
I from the heart proclaim, to whom a throne
To be held fast the most high Father gave
Ere he was brought forth; then was he raised up
According to flesh given, washed at the mouth
Of the river Jordan, which goes rushing on
Trailing its gleaming billows, from the fire
Escaping he first shall see God's sweet Spirit
Descending with the wings of a white dove.

But when Rome shall o'er Egypt also rule
Governing always, then shall there appear
The greatest kingdom of the immortal King
Over men. And a holy Lord shall come
To hold the scepter over every land
Unto all ages of fast-hastening time.

And a pure flower shall bloom, and springs be full.
And he shall show the ways to men, and show
The heavenly paths, and teach all with wise words.
And he shall come for judgment and persuade
A disobedient people while he boasts

ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Painted by Sebastiano Conca (1679–1764), an Italian painter of the Neapolitan School. This picture is classed among the artist's most brilliant works. It is hung in the Corsini Palace, Rome

Descent praiseworthy from a heavenly Sire.

Billows shall he tread, sickness of mankind
Shall he destroy, he shall raise up the dead,
And many sufferings shall he drive away;
And from one scrip shall be men's fill of bread,
When the house of David shall bring forth a child.

For not in glory, but as mortal man
Shall he come to creation, pitiable,
Unhonored, without seemly form, to give
Hope to the pitiable; and he will give
Fair form to mortal flesh, and heavenly faith
To those without faith, and he'll give fair form
To the man who was fashioned from the first
By the holy hands of God, and whom by guile
The serpent led astray unto the fate
Of death to go and knowledge to receive
Of good and evil, so that leaving God
He serves the way of mortals. For at first
Receiving him as fellow-counsellor
From the beginning the Almighty said:
"Let both of us, O Son, make mortal tribes —
Stamping them with the impress of our image;
I now by my hands, and thou by the Word
In after time shalt for our form provide
That we may jointly cause it to arise."
Keeping in mind this purpose he shall come

THE CIRCUMCISION

Painted in 1580 by the Roman painter, Federigo Barocci (1528–1612), this picture now hangs in the Palace of the Louvre at Paris

To the creation, to a holy virgin
Bringing the likeness antitypical,
Baptizing with water by the elders' hands,
And by the Word accomplishing all things.
And he shall fulfill God's law, not destroy,
Bearing his very image, and all things
Shall he teach. Unto him shall priests convey
And offer gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

THEN on a sudden there shall be a sign
To mortals, when, watched over, there shall come
Out of the land of Egypt a fair stone;
And on it shall the Hebrew children stumble;
But by his guiding nations shall be brought
Together; for the God who rules on high
They also shall know through him, and the way
In common light. For unto chosen men
Will he show life eternal, but the fire
Will he for ages on the lawless bring.
And then shall he the sickly heal, and all
Who are blameworthy who shall trust in him.
And then the blind shall see, the lame shall walk,
The deaf shall hearken, and the dumb shall speak.
Demons shall he drive out, and of the dead
There shall be an uprising.
By his word
The winds shall he make cease, and with his foot

PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN

Painted by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666). This picture is one of Guercino's admirable altar pieces and was painted for the church of Santa Maria della Pietà at Ferrara, Italy

Shall calm the raging sea, walking thereon
In peaceful faith. And from five loaves of bread
And a fish of the sea five thousand men
Shall he fill in the desert, and then taking
All the remaining fragments for the hope
Of peoples shall he fill twelve baskets full.

And the souls of the blessed he shall call,
And love the pitiable, who, being mocked,
Beaten, and whipped, shall evil do for good
Desiring poverty. He who perceives
All things and sees all things and hears all things
Shall search the heart and bear it to conviction.

And then a kingdom over all mankind
Shall he raise up for ages, who once gave
Holy Law to the pious, unto whom
He pledged to open every land, the world
And portals of the blessed, and all joys,
And mind immortal and eternal bliss.
And the city that suffered very many things
Men shall inhabit. For deceitful gold
Shall no more be nor silver, nor acquiring
Of the earth, nor much-laboring servitude;
But one fast friendship and one mode of life
With cheerful soul; and all things shall be common
And equal light among the means of life.
And wickedness shall sink down from the earth

THE PROPHECY OF SIMEON

Here is illustrated the scene of the prophesying of Simeon and Anna in the Temple (Luke 2 : 27). Painted by Jozef Janssens and now in the Cathedral at Antwerp

Into the vast sea. And then near at hand
Is come the harvest-time of mortal men.

And no small mist shall hide the world's ravines
A second time; then afterwards God's light
Shall guide the good men, who sang praise to God.

And sometime shall a linen-vested man,
A priest, say: "Come, let us raise up of God
A beautiful true temple; come, let us
The fearful law of our forefathers change,
Because of which they did not understand
That they were unto gods of stone and clay
Making processions and religious rites.
Let us turn our souls, giving praise to God
The imperishable, who himself is Father,
The everlasting One, the Lord of all,
The true One, the King, life-sustaining Father,
The mighty God existing evermore."
And out of every land unto the house
Of the great God shall they bring frankincense
And gifts, and there shall be no other house
To be inquired of by men yet to be,
But what God gave for faithful men to honor;
For mortals temple of the mighty God
Shall call it. And all pathways of the plain
And rough hills and high mountains and wild waves
Of the deep sea shall be easy in those days

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

Mary and Joseph are here seen presenting the child Jesus to the priests at the Temple (Luke 2: 22). The picture is hung in the Palace of the Louvre, Paris. The artist, Simon Vouet (1590–1649), was given the title "First Painter to the Crown" by Louis XIII of France

For crossing and for sailing; for all peace
On the land of the good shall come; and sword
Shall prophets of the mighty God remove;
For they are judges and the righteous kings
Of mortals. And there shall be righteous wealth
Among mankind; for of the mighty God
This is the judgment and also the power.

AND no more shall one fight with swords or iron
Or even darts, which things shall not again
Be lawful. But wise people shall have peace,
Who were left, having made proof of wickedness,
That they might at the last be filled with joy.
There shall be great peace throughout all the world.
And a calm peace to Asian land shall go,
And Europe shall be happy then, well fed,
Pure air, full of years, strong, and undisturbed
By wintry storms and hail, bearing all things,
Even birds and creeping things and beasts of earth.
O happy upon earth shall that man be
Or woman; what a home unspeakable
Of happy ones! For from the starry heaven
Shall all good order come upon mankind,
And justice, and the prudent unity
Which of all things is excellent for men,
And kindness, confidence, and love of guests;
But far from them shall lawlessness depart,

THE MADONNA IN CONTEMPLATION

One of the most admired works of the Italian painter, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686), noted for the highly finished quality of his paintings. This picture may be seen in the Corsini Palace at Rome

Blame, envy, wrath, and folly; poverty
Shall flee away from men, and force shall flee,
And murder, baneful strifes and bitter feuds,
And theft, and every evil in those days.
But children of the mighty God shall all
Again around the temple live in peace,
Rejoicing in those things which he shall give
Who is Creator, righteous Judge and King.

For he himself, great, present far and wide,
Shall be a shelter, as on all sides round
A wall of flaming fire. And they shall be
In cities and in country without war.
For not the hand of evil war, but rather
The Immortal shall himself be their defender.
Sweet word shall they send from their mouths in hymns:
"Come, falling on the earth let us all pray
The immortal King, and great eternal God.
To the temple let us in procession go,
Since he alone is Lord; and let us all
Meditate on the law of God most high."

Blest shall they dwell in cities and rich fields.
And then shall there be peace and wisdom deep,
And the fruit-bearing land shall yield again
Abundant fruits, divided not in parts
Nor yet enslaved. And every harbor then,
And every haven, shall be free to men

HOLY FAMILY

A beautiful creation by the great Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). This painting is part of the private collection of Eugen Boross at Larchmont, New York

As formerly, and shamelessness shall perish.
And equal land for all, divided not
By walls or fences, more abundant fruits
Spontaneous shall then bear, and the course
Of life be common and wealth unapportioned.
For there no longer will be poor nor rich,
Tyrant nor slave, nor any great nor small,
Nor kings nor leaders; all alike in common.
And earth shall glory in her many fruits
Self-growing, yielding much corn for the race.
And then will God bestow great joy on men;
For land and trees and countless flocks of sheep
Their genuine fruit to men shall offer—wine,
And the sweet honey, and white milk, and wheat,
Which is for mortals of all things the best.
Also from heaven a delightful drink
Of honey sweet, and trees shall give their fruit,
And fatted sheep and cattle there shall be,
Young lambs and kids of goats; earth shall break forth
With sweet springs of white milk; and of good things
The cities shall be full and fat the fields;
Nor sword nor uproar shall be on the earth;
No more shall earth groan heavily and quake;
Nor shall war longer be on earth, nor drought,
Nor famine, nor the fruit-destroying hail;
But great peace shall be upon all the earth.
And thine shall be immortal light; and wolves

THE DREAM OF JOSEPH

A modern creation by the Italian master, Francesco Ciseri (1821–1891). This work is painted on the wall of the church of the Monastery of St. Salvator at Jerusalem

And lambs shall in the mountains feed on grass
Together, and with kids shall leopards graze;
And bears shall lodge among the pasturing calves;
And the carnivorous lion shall eat chaff
At the manger like the cow; and little children
In bonds shall lead them; for he will make beasts
Helpless on earth. With babes shall fall asleep
Serpents, along with asps, and do no harm;
For over them shall be the hand of God.
And then a holy nation shall prevail
And hold the sovereignty of all the earth
Unto all ages with their mighty sons.

AND all these things the great eternal God
Himself bade me proclaim. And that shall not
Be unaccomplished, or be unfulfilled,
Whatever only in my heart he put;
For truthful is God's spirit in the world.
The King most high, who brought into existence
The whole world, saying, "Let there be," and there was.
These by his word he made, and every thing
Was speedily and with precision done;
For he was self-caused and from heaven looked down,
And finished was the world exceeding well.
And then thereafter fashioned he again
A living product, copying a new man
From his own image, beautiful, divine,

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Painted by the modern German artist, Bernhard Plockhorst (1825–), this picture depicts the escape of the Holy Family from King Herod. The painting is privately owned

And bade him in ambrosial garden dwell,
That labors beautiful might be his care.
But in that fertile field of Paradise
He longed for conversation, being alone,
And prayed that he might see another form
Such as he had. And forthwith, from man's side
Taking a bone, God himself made fair Eve.
And afterwards delivering them commands
God showed them not to touch a certain tree;
But the dread serpent drew them off by guile
To go away unto the fate of death
And to gain knowledge of both good and evil.
For their abiding now in mortal land
Was brought to pass, since hearing they kept not
The word of the immortal mighty God.
And straightway they, upon the fruitful soil
Forthgoing, with their tears and groans were wet.

O MEN, that in your image have a form
Fashioned of God, why do ye vainly stray
And walk not in the straight way, always mindful
Of the immortal Maker? God is one,
Sovereign, ineffable, dwelling in heaven,
The self-existent and invisible,
Himself alone beholding everything.
O wretched one, thou didst not know thy God,
Who before both the earth and starry heaven

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

Painted by the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). The picture is masterly in composition and coloring and exceptionally dignified in character. It is hung in the picture gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna, Italy

Was, actual Word, begotten by his Father,
And by the Holy Spirit donning flesh
He quickly flew unto his Father's house.
And for him three towers did the mighty heaven
Establish, in which dwell God's noble guides,
Hope, piety, and reverence much-desired,
Not having in gold or in silver joy,
But in the reverential acts of men—
Both sacrifices and most righteous thoughts.

Wherefore, instead of good works and just thoughts,
Ye all choose for your garments purple robes,
Desiring wretched fights and homicides.
And ye in self-conceit and madness walk,
And having left the true, straightforward path
Ye went away and roamed about through thorns
And thistles. O ye foolish mortals, cease
Roving in darkness and black night obscure,
And leave the darkness of night, and lay hold
Upon the Light. Lo, he is clear to all
And cannot err; come, do not always chase
Darkness and gloom. Lo, the sweet-looking light
Of the sun shines with a surpassing glow.
Now, treasuring wisdom in your hearts, know ye
He guides heaven, rules earth, over Hades reigns.

Ah! miserable mortals, change these things,
Nor lead the mighty God to wrath extreme;

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

HOLY FAMILY

A beautiful work by the modern German artist, Ludwig Knaus (1829–), depicting the Holy Family in the flight to Egypt. One of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

But giving up your swords and pointed knives,
And homicides and wanton violence,
Wash your whole body in perennial streams,
And lifting up your hands to heaven seek pardon
For former deeds and expiate with praise
Bitter impiety; and God will give
Repentance; he will not destroy; and wrath
Will he again restrain, if in your hearts
Ye all will practice honored piety.
For every human soul is God's free gift,
And 't is not right men stain it with vile deeds.

Do not be rich unrighteously, but lead
A life of probity. Be satisfied
With what thou hast and keep thyself from that
Which is another's. Speak not what is false,
But have a care for all things that are true.
Revere not idols vainly; but the God
Imperishable honor always first,
And next thy parents. Render all things due,
And into unjust judgment come thou not.

Do not cast out the poor unrighteously,
Nor judge by outward show; if wickedly
Thou judgest, God hereafter will judge thee.
Forswear not ignorantly nor willingly;
God hates the perjured man in that he swore.
Indulge not vile lusts, slander not, nor kill.

From a Carbon Print by Braun & Co., of Paris and New York

REPOSE IN EGYPT

This charming portrayal of Joseph and the infant Jesus was painted by the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). It now hangs in the gallery of the Hermitage at Petrograd, Russia

Give the toilworn his hire; do not afflict
The poor man. Unto orphans help afford
And to widows and the needy. Talk with sense;
Hold fast in heart a secret. Be unwilling
To act unjustly nor yet tolerate
Unrighteous men. Give to the poor at once
And say not, "Come to-morrow." Of thy grain
Give to the needy with perspiring hand.
He who gives alms knows how to lend to God.
Mercy redeems from death when judgment comes.
Not sacrifice, but mercy God desires
Rather than sacrifice. The naked clothe,
Share thy bread with the hungry, in thy house
Receive the shelterless and lead the blind.
Pity the shipwrecked; for the voyage is
Uncertain. To the fallen give a hand;
And save the man that stands without defense.
Common to all is suffering, life's a wheel,
Riches unstable. Having wealth, reach out
To the poor thy hand. Of what God gave to thee
Bestow thou also on the needy one.
Common is the whole life of mortal men;
But it comes out unequal. When thou seest
A poor man never banter him with words,
Nor harshly accost a man who may be blamed.
But pray to live from few things and possess
Nothing at all unjust. The love of gain

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

A detail of the painting by Murillo (1618–1682) in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, known as the Dream of a Patrician. It represents a Roman senator and his lady asleep and dreaming of the Virgin

Is mother of all evil. Do not long
For gold or silver; in them there will be
A double-edged and soul-destroying iron.
A snare to men continually are gold
And silver. Gold, of evils source, of life
Destructive, troubling all things, would that thou
Wert not to mortals such a longed-for bane!
For wars, because of thee, and pillaging
And murders come, and children hate their sires,
And brothers and sisters those of their own blood.

Plot no deceit, and do not arm thy heart
Against a friend. Keep not concealed within
A different thought from what thou speakest forth;
But with all be frank, and things from the soul
Speak thou forth. Whosoever willfully
Commits a wrong, an evil man is he;
Pride not thyself in wisdom, power, or wealth;
Excessive good has not brought forth to men
That which is helpful. And much luxury
Leads to immoderate lusts. Much wealth is proud,
And makes one grow to wanton violence.

Be not thou envious, faithless, or abusive,
Or evil-minded, or a false deceiver.
Be prudent, and abstain from shameless deeds.
Thou shalt not shut thy door, when there shall come
A stranger unto thee in need to curb

REPOSE IN EGYPT

This work, by the great colorist, Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599–1641), is hung in the Pitti Palace at Florence. It illustrates the legend that the Holy Family in its flight to Egypt was cheered in lonely places by throngs of ministering cherubs

His hunger which comes from his poverty.
And in heart practice lowliness of mind
And cruel deeds hate, and thy neighbor love.

THUS written openly, the Saviour is,
Immortal King, who suffered for our sake:
And coming late from the virgin Mary's womb
A new light rose, and going forth from heaven
Put on a mortal form. First then did Gabriel show
His strong pure form; and bearing his own news
He next addressed the maiden with his voice:
"O virgin, in thy bosom undefiled
Receive thou God." Thus speaking he inbreathed
God's grace on the sweet maiden; and straightway
Alarm and wonder seized her as she heard,
And she stood trembling; and her mind was wild
With flutter of excitement while at heart
She quivered at the unlooked-for things she heard.
But she again was gladdened and her heart
Was cheered by the voice, and the maiden laughed
And her cheek reddened with a sense of joy,
And spell-bound was her heart with sense of shame.
And confidence came to her. And the Word
Flew into the womb, and in course of time
Having become flesh and endued with life
Was made a human form and came to be
A boy distinguished by his virgin birth;

HOLY FAMILY

This admirable composition by the Roman painter, Carlo Maratta (1625–1713), depicts the Holy Family in Egypt attended by angels. It now hangs in the gallery of the Vatican, Rome

For this was a great wonder to mankind,
But it was no great wonder unto God
The Father, nor was it to God the Son.
And the glad earth received the new born babe,
The heavenly throne laughed and the world rejoiced.

And the prophetic new-appearing star
Was honored by the wise men, and the babe
Born was shown in a manger unto them
That obeyed God, and keepers of the herds,
And goatherds and to shepherds of the lambs.

And unto all the good did he restore
The riches which the earlier men had seized.
And he did make that city, which God loved,
More radiant than stars and sun and moon,
And he set order, and a holy house
Incarnate made, pure, very fair, and formed
In many stades a great and boundless tower
Touching the clouds themselves and seen by all,
So that all holy and all righteous men
Might see the glory of the eternal God,
A sight that has been longed for. Rising sun
And setting day hymned forth the praise of God.

NO longer vex thy soul within thy breast
By reason of the sword, rich child of God,
Flower longed for by him only, goodly light

HOLY FAMILY

This painting of the Virgin, the child Jesus, and Joseph is the work of the Italian painter, Giovanni Battista Salvi, known as il Sassoferrato (1605–1685). It is now part of the art collection at the Doria Palace, Rome

And noble branch, a scion much beloved,
Pleasant Judea, city beautiful,
Inspired by hymns. No more shall unclean foot
Of Greeks keep revel round about thy land,
Who held within their breast a lawless mind;
But thee shall glorious children honor much.

And then will God show mortals a great sign:
For like a lustrous crown shall shine a star,
Bright, all-resplendent, from the radiant heaven
Days not a few; and then will he display
From heaven a crown for contest unto men
Who wrestle. And then there shall be again
A mighty contest of triumphal march
Into the heavenly sky, and it shall be
For all men in the world, and have the fame
Of immortality. And every people
Shall then in the immortal contests strive
For splendid victory. For no one there
Can shamelessly with silver buy a crown.
For unto them will the pure Christ adjudge
That which is due, and crown the ones approved,
And give his martyrs an immortal prize
Who carry on the contest unto death.

And unto chaste men who run their race well
Will he the incorruptible reward
Of the prize give, and to all men allot

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

This painting by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666), inspired Robert Browning to write the poem called "The Guardian Angel." The picture is in the church of Sant' Agostino at Fano, Italy

That which is due, and also to strange nations
That live a holy life and know one God.
Blessed of men shall they be on the earth
As many as shall love the mighty God.

Then a pure mind shall God beget in men,
And shall the race establish, as it was
Aforetime; longer shall not any one
Deep furrow cut with round plow, nor two oxen
Straight guiding dip the iron down; nor vines
Shall be nor ears of corn; but all shall eat
Together dewy manna with white teeth.

The holy-land of the only pious men
Shall bring forth, from the honey-dripping rock
A stream and from a spring ambrosial milk
Shall flow for all the just; for in one God,
One Father, who alone is glorious,
Having great piety and faith they hoped.

But let the law of wisdom be your guide
And the glory of the righteous; lest sometime
The imperishable God incensed destroy
Each race of men and shameless tribe of life.

But the others, all to whom right and fair works
And piety and thoughts most just were dear,
Shall angels, bearing through the burning stream,
Lead unto light and life exempt from care.

MATER PURISSIMA

A beautiful modern conception of the Madonna and Child by the Italian painter, Domenico Morelli (1826–). Now in the gallery of the Prince of the Scaletta, Rome

THIS is the contest, these are the rewards;
These are the prizes; this the gate of life
And entrance into immortality,
Which God in heaven unto most righteous men
Appointed a reward for victory;
And through this gate shall gloriously pass
Those who shall then receive the victor's crown.

AUGUSTUS AND THE SIBYL
Painted by the Italian master, Benvenuto Tisi da Garofalo, and now in the Pitti Palace at Florence

THE INFANT SAVIOUR

This pleasing portrayal of the Child Jesus is one of the six celebrated pictures painted by the Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), for the Hospital de la Caridad at Seville, Spain

HASTE THE GLORIOUS BIRTH

Vergil's "Pollio" Translated from the Latin by John Dryden

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.

THE last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banished virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.

THE MADONNA OF ST. GEORGE

A detail of the famous painting known as the Madonna of St. George. This picture, painted by Antonio Allegri, surnamed Correggio (1494–1534), now hangs in the Dresden Gallery, Dresden, Germany

Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.

His cradle shall with rising flowers be crowned:
The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlaboured harvests shall the fields adorn
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain:
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain;
Great cities shall with walls be compassed round,
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
Another Argo land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.

But when to ripened manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;

MADONNA AND CHILD

A beautiful portrayal of the Madonna and Child by the Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). This picture may be seen in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, Germany

No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware,
For every soil shall every product bear.

The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin;
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine.
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clew, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!
See, labouring nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!
See to their base restored, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.

To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus crowned with never-fading bays,
Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
The muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.

THE VIRGIN, CHILD JESUS, AND LITTLE ST. JOHN

One of the art treasures of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. This pleasing group was painted by Guido Reni (1575–1642), the leader of the Bolognese School of painting

Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out:
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile: the frowning infant's doom is read;
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

VERGIL

A study by the great Raphael. This admirable drawing is preserved in the Royal Academy at Venice

HOLY FAMILY

An early work of the great master, Michelangelo di Ludovico Buonarroti Simone (1475–1564), painted in tempera for his and Raphael's common patron, Angelo Doni. It now hangs in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, Italy

O SPRING TO LIGHT, AUSPICIOUS BABE, BE BORN!

"The Messiah" by Alexander Pope

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

RAPT into future times, the bard begun:
A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE, A VIRGIN BEAR A SON!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!

HOLY FAMILY

The light and the harmonious coloring in this painting are of great beauty. It is the work of the Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), and now hangs in the Louvre at Paris

O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'T is He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

MADONNA AND SON

A detail of a magnificent work by the great Italian painter, Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed il Guercino (1591–1666). The work is part of the collection in the Academy of Science at Turin, Italy

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spicy fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,

HOLY FAMILY

This creation is the work of a German artist, Maria Anna Angelica Kauffmann (1741–1807). Now in the Colleoni Chapel adjoining the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bergamo, Italy

And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idumè's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

MADONNA AND CHILD

This Madonna and Child is a charming example of the inspired work of the great Spanish master, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). Now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His Word, His saving power remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

Photo by Emery Walker, London

ALEXANDER POPE

Painted by the English artist, Jonathan Richardson. Now in the Fitz Williams Museum at Cambridge, England

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

The serene happiness expressed in this extremely beautiful work has won the admiration of the world. Painted by Raphael in Rome in 1516, the picture now hangs in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

PART TWO

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF THE SAVIOUR

"THE ORIENT FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US"

THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

Arranged from the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St. Matthew and St. Luke

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father; and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever.

And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

THE CONCEPTION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

THERE was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zachary, of the course of Abia; and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name Elizabeth.

And they were both just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame.

And they had no son, for that Elizabeth was barren, and they both were well advanced in years.

And it came to pass, when he executed the priestly function in the order of his course before God,

According to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord.

And all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense.

And there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

And Zachary seeing him, was troubled, and fear fell upon him.

But the angel said to him: Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John:

And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice in his nativity.

For he shall be great before the Lord: and shall drink no wine nor strong drink: and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

And he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God.

And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; that he may turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people.

And Zachary said to the angel: Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in years.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

This pleasing picture of the holy family is the work of the Italian painter, Giovanni Battista Salvi, known as il Sassoferrato (1605–1685). Now in the National Gallery at London England

And the angel answering, said to him: I am Gabriel, who stand before God; and am sent to speak to thee, and to bring thee these good tidings.

And behold, thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these things shall come to pass, because thou hast not believed my words, which shall be fulfilled in their time.

And the people were waiting for Zachary; and they wondered that he tarried so long in the temple.

And when he came out, he could not speak to them: and they understood that he had seen a vision in the temple. And he made signs to them, and remained dumb.

And it came to pass, after the days of his office were accomplished, he departed to his own house.

And after those days, Elizabeth his wife conceived, and hid herself five months, saying:

Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein he hath had regard to take away my reproach among men.

THE CONCEPTION OF CHRIST

AND in the sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary.

THE VIRGIN, INFANT JESUS, AND ST. ANNE

A delightful composition by the Roman painter, Giovanni Battista Gaulli, surnamed il Baciccio (1639–1709). This happy group may be seen in the church of San Francesco à Ripa at Rome

And the angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN.

Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God.

Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus.

ST. MATTHEW

A portrayal of the Great Evangelist painted by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo on the ceiling of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence

HOLY FAMILY

Here are the two mothers, the Virgin and Elizabeth, and the divine children, Jesus and John. Painted by the great colorist, Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531), and now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father; and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever.

And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man?

And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren:

Because no word shall be impossible with God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH

AND Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda.

And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth.

And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost:

HOLY FAMILY

This beautiful Holy Family was painted by Pompeo Girolamo Batoni (1708–1787), a famous Italian painter, noted for his graceful and harmoniously colored compositions. At the Brera Gallery in Milan, Italy

And she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?

For behold as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy.

And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord.

And Mary said:

My soul doth magnify the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Because he that is mighty, hath done great things to me; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear him.

He hath shewed might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

MADONNA AND SON

One of the inspired works of the Florentine painter, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686). This carefully executed painting now hangs in the picture gallery of the Villa Borghese at Rome, Italy

He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his mercy:

As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed for ever.

And Mary abode with her about three months; and she returned to her own house.

THE BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

NOW Elizabeth's full time of being delivered was come, and she brought forth a son.

And her neighbours and kinsfolks heard that the Lord had shewed his great mercy towards her, and they congratulated with her.

And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, and they called him by his father's name Zachary.

And his mother answering, said: Not so; but he shall be called John.

And they said to her: There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name.

And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called.

And demanding a writing table, he wrote, saying: John is his name. And they all wondered.

And immediately his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, blessing God.

And fear came upon all their neighbours; and all these

HOLY FAMILY

One of the wonderful creations of the unrivaled Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio, 1483–1520), "il divino pittore." This exquisitely finished work may be seen in the gallery of the Prado Museum at Madrid

things were noised abroad over all the hill country of Judea.

And all they that had heard them laid them up in their heart, saying: What an one, think ye, shall this child be? For the hand of the Lord was with him.

And Zachary his father was filled with the Holy Ghost; and he prophesied, saying:

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because he hath visited and wrought the redemption of his people:

And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us, in the house of David his servant:

As he spoke by the mouth of his holy prophets, who are from the beginning:

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us:

To perform mercy to our fathers, and to remember his holy testament,

The oath, which he swore to Abraham our father, that he would grant to us,

That being delivered from the hand of our enemies, we may serve him without fear,

In holiness and justice before him, all our days.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways:

To give knowledge of salvation to his people, unto the remission of their sins:

HOLY FAMILY

A most delightful group, the work of the renowned Flemish master, Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640). Now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

Through the bowels of the mercy of our God, in which the Orient from on high hath visited us:

To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace.

And the child grew, and was strengthened in spirit; and was in the deserts until the day of his manifestation to Israel.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD APPEARS TO JOSEPH

NOW the generation of Christ was in this wise. When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost.

Whereupon Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately.

But while he thought on these things, behold the Angel of the Lord appeared to him in his sleep, saying: Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her, is of the Holy Ghost.

And she shall bring forth a son: and thou shalt call his name JESUS. For he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying:

THE MADONNA

A detail of a splendid canvas by the Italian master, teacher of Raphael, Pietro di Cristoforo Vannucci, surnamed il Perugino (1446–1523). Now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy. The Virgin is here adoring the infant Jesus

Behold a virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, *God with us.*

And Joseph rising up from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

AND it came to pass, that in those days there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.

This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David,

To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

MADONNA AND THE DIVINE SON

A very attractive and happy Mother and Child, painted by the Italian master, Giovanni Battista Salvi, known as il Sassoferrato (1605–1685). This picture is in a chapel of the church of Santa Maria Formosa at Venice, Italy

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

AND there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people;

For, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us.

And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

A detail of the painting known as the Sistine Madonna, the gem of the Royal Gallery at Dresden. It was painted by Raphael in 1518, and is considered the apex of all religious art

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child.

And all that heard, wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

AND after eight days were accomplished, that the child should be circumcised, his name was called JESUS, which was called by the angel, before he was conceived in the womb.

And after the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they carried him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord:

As it is written in the law of the Lord: *Every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord:*

And to offer a sacrifice, according as it is written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons:

And behold there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was in him.

LITTLE ST. JOHN ASLEEP

One of the last efforts of the Florentine painter, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686). The painting is hanging in the picture gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Christ of the Lord.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple. And when his parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him according to the custom of the law,

He also took him into his arms, and blessed God, and said:

Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace;

Because my eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples:

A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

And his father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning him.

And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary his mother: Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted;

And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed.

And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser; she was far advanced in years, and had lived with her husband seven years from her virginity.

HOLY FAMILY

This masterpiece by Raphael is known as the Great Holy Family of Francis I, because it was executed for Francis I, King of France. Now in the Louvre Museum at Paris

And she was a widow until fourscore and four years; who departed not from the temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day.

Now she, at the same hour, coming in, confessed to the Lord; and spoke of him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel.

THE OFFERINGS OF THE WISE MEN

WHEN Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to adore him.

And king Herod hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And assembling together all the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born.

But they said to him: In Bethlehem of Juda. For so it is written by the prophet:

And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, privately calling the wise men, learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them;

MADONNA AND CHILD

A detail of the painting by Andrea d'Angelo di Francesco, called del Sarto (1486–1531), now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It is known as the Madonna of the Harpies because of certain figures of harpies used decoratively

And sending them into Bethlehem, said: Go and diligently inquire after the child, and when you have found him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore him.

Who having heard the king, went their way; and behold the star which they had seen in the east, went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was.

And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And entering into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures, they offered him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their country.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

AND after they were departed, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the child and his mother, and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him.

Who arose, and took the child and his mother by night, and retired into Egypt: and he was there until the death of Herod:

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

This is a detail of a magnificent work known as the Madonna of the Fish, akin in style to the Sistine Madonna. It was painted by the great Raphael (1483–1520) and now hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, Spain

That it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: *Out of Egypt have I called my son.*

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

THEN Herod perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry; and sending killed all the men children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet, saying:

A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

THE HOLY FAMILY RETURN TO GALILEE

BUT when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt,

Saying: Arise, and take the child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the child.

Who arose, and took the child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

But hearing that Archelaus reigned in Judea in the room of Herod his father, he was afraid to go thither: and being warned in sleep retired into the quarters of Galilee.

HOLY FAMILY

A beautiful composition by the great Spanish painter, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). This is one of the gems of the collection of paintings by Spanish masters in the National Gallery at London

And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets: That he shall be called a Nazarene.

CHRIST IS FOUND AMONGST THE DOCTORS

AND his parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the pasch,

And when he was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem, according to the custom of the feast,

And having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not.

And thinking that he was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought him among their kinsfolks and acquaintance.

And not finding him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that, after three days, they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his wisdom and his answers.

And seeing him, they wondered. And his mother said to him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said to them: How is it that you sought me? did

CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

Here the little John is drinking from a shell held by the child Jesus. One of Murillo's most celebrated and pleasing pictures. Now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, Spain

you not know, that I must be about my father's business?

And they understood not the word, that he spoke unto them.

JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH IN NAZARETH

AND he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart.

And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men.

ST. LUKE

This portrayal of St. Luke the Evangelist by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo is a ceiling painting in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence

THE DIVINE SHEPHERD

One of the numerous world-famous paintings of the Christ child by the celebrated Spanish painter, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1618–1682). Now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid

PART THREE

TEMPTATION AND TRIUMPH

EDEN RAISED IN THE WASTE WILDERNESS

TEMPTATION AND TRIUMPH

Arranged from John Milton's "Paradise Regained"

Let us be glad of this and all our fears
Lay on His Providence: He will not fail.

I, who erewhile the Happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one Man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.
Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite
Into the desert, His victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st Him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds,
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age:

Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

NOW had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth, the son of Joseph deemed
To the flood Jordan — came, as then obscure,
Unmarked, unknown. But Him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore
As to His worthier, and would have resigned
To Him his heavenly office. Nor was long
His witness unconfirmed: on Him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven pronounced Him His beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted Man to whom
Such high attest was given awhile surveyed
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,

SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD

Here is portrayed the child Jesus now advancing in age and wisdom. Painted by the Italian master, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686), this picture hangs in the Bianco Palace at Genoa, Italy

With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:
"O ancient powers of air and this wide world
(For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember hell,
Our hated habitation); well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possessed, and ruled
In manner at our will the affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound
(At least, if so we can, and by the head
Broken, be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom and our being
In this fair empire won of earth and air) —
For this ill news I bring, the woman's Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
But His growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.

LITTLE ST. JOHN

This portrayal of little St. John is the work of the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). In his face shines the expectancy of his high mission. This picture hangs in the Corsini Palace at Rome

Before Him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive Him pure, or rather
To do Him honour as their King. All come,
And He Himself among them was baptized -
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who He is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The prophet do Him reverence; on Him, rising
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on His head
A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant);
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,
'This is my Son beloved,— in Him am pleased.'
His mother, then, is mortal, but His Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will He not do to advance His Son?
His First-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for man He seems
In all His lineaments, though in His face
The glimpses of His Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed

THE CHILD JESUS

This impressive picture of the little Jesus asleep on the cross is by the noted Spanish painter, Francisco Zurbaran (1598–1661). Now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, Spain

(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),
Ere in the head of nations He appear,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosperous once
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings. But no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him, their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea, gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,

THE CHILD JESUS EMBRACING LITTLE ST. JOHN

A beautiful painting of Christ and St. John as lads, by the Bolognese painter, Guido Reni (1575–1642). There is a nobility about the portrayal of Christ as he places his arm over the shoulders of John that is unexcelled. The original painting may be seen in the National Gallery at London

Temptation and all guile on Him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth, so long enjoyed:

BUT, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:
"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,
Thou and all angels conversant on earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son,
Great in renown, and called the Son of God.
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,
To show Him worthy of His birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostasy. He might have learnt
Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame

CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS

This picture was painted by Paolo Caliari, surnamed Veronese (1528–1588). The painting hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid and is noted for its beautiful coloring and effective composition

Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a Man,
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to hell—
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
To exercise Him in the wilderness;
There He shall first lay down the rudiments
Of His great warfare, ere I send Him forth
To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes.
By humiliation and strong sufferance
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the angels and ethereal powers—
They now, and men hereafter—may discern
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit called my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space; then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument:
"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now entering His great duel, not of arms,

CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

One of the works of art in the Holy Land, painted by the French modern master, Francois Le Fond, for the Church of the Carpenter Shop at Nazareth

But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures His filial virtue, though untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell,
And, devilish machinations, come to naught!"
So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.

MEANWHILE the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in His breast,
How best the mighty work He might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish His Godlike office, now mature,
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading
And His deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entered now the bordering desert wild
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,
His holy meditations thus pursued:
"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared!

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

In this world-famous painting by Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531), the artist has shown a deep religious feeling as well as fine technical and artistic judgment. In the picture gallery of the Pitti Palace, Florence, Italy

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own,
And was admired by all. Yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired: victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts—one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke:
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
Yet held it more humane, more Heavenly, first,
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts.
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,

THE SAVIOUR

A noble work by the Roman master, Carlo Maratta (1625–1713). This portrayal of the youthful Saviour may now be seen at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, 'High are Thy thoughts,
O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless deeds express Thy matchless Sire,
For know, Thou art no son of mortal man;
Though men esteem Thee low of parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven and earth, angels, and sons of men.
A messenger from God fortold Thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of Thy kingdom there should be no end.
At Thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see Him; and to Thee they came,
Directed to the manger where Thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room.
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the East,
To honour Thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it Thy star, new-graven in Heaven,
By which they knew Thee King of Israel born.

ST. JOHN

In this ideal face is evident the growing spirit of John and the nearness of the day of his departure from the desert to prepare the way of one mightier than he. Painted by Guido Reni (1575–1642), and now in the Corsini Palace at Rome

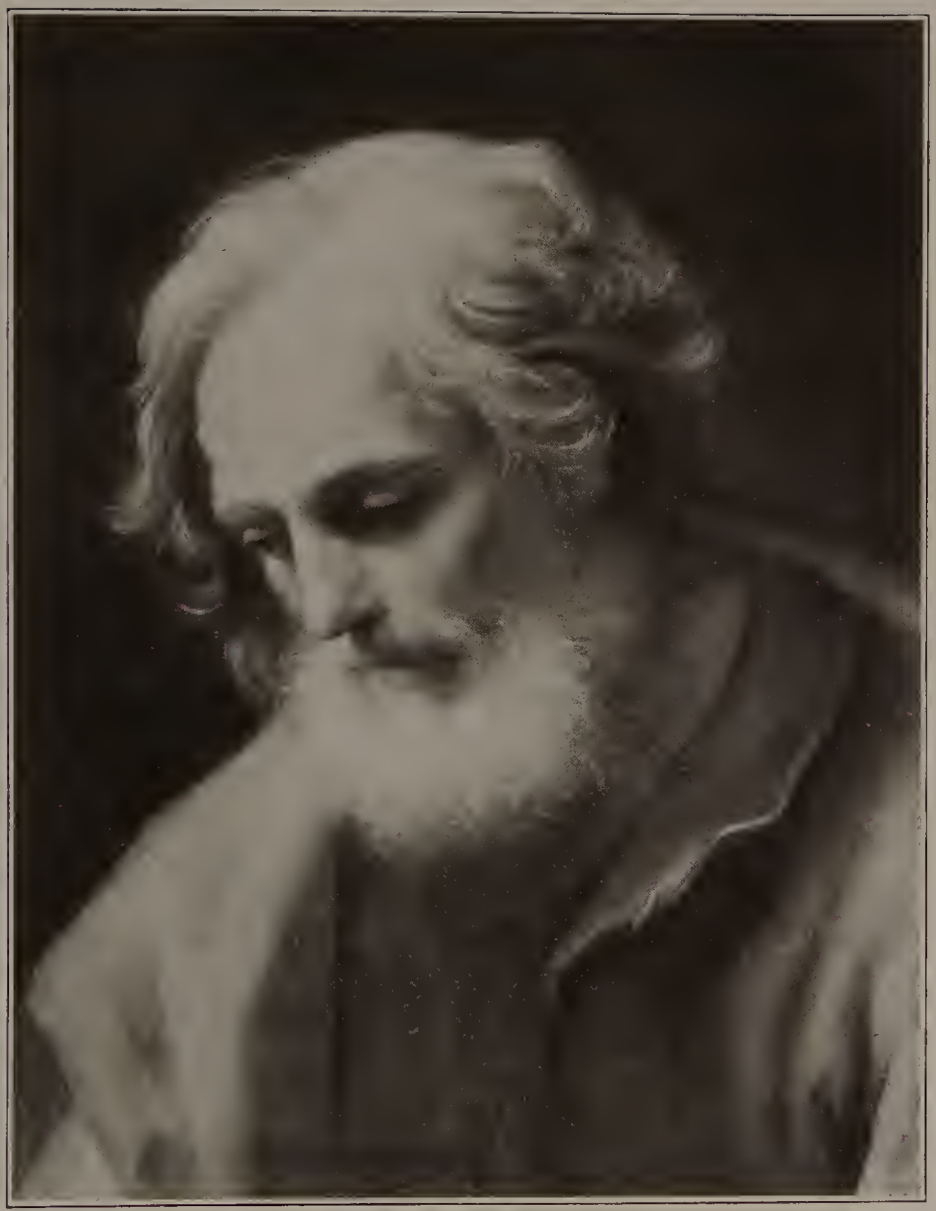
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
By vision, found Thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of Thee to all that present stood.'
This having heard, straight I again revolved
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am—this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.
Yet, neither thus disheartened nor dismayed,
The time prefixed I waited; when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now came, who was to come
Before Messiah, and His way prepare!
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed
Me Him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)—
Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won.
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence

JESUS

A reproduction of an admirable head of Christ painted by Annibale Carracci (1560–1609), an Italian painter of the Bolognese School. This is one of the treasures of the Dresden Gallery, Dresden, Germany

The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me His,
Me His beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased: by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness; to what intent
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in His rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
The way He came not having marked, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And He still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodged in His breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days He passed — whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend Him from the dew,
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;



ST. JOSEPH

A noble portrayal of St. Joseph by Guido Reni (1575–1642), the master of the Bolognese School of painters. This picture hangs in the picture gallery of the Villa Borghese at Rome

Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts. They at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping Him nor waking harmed; His walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.

BUT now an aged man, in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused Him, then with words thus uttered spake:
"Sir, what ill chance hath brought Thee to this place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drouth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me Thou seem'st the Man whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honoured so, and called Thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,

DEATH OF JOSEPH

This work is by the Bolognese painter, Marcantonio Franceschini (1648–1729), and is preserved among the art treasures of the painter's native city, Bologna, Italy

What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God: "Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle He may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far —
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if Thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made Thee bread:
So shalt Thou save Thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? In the mount
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days, Elijah, without food,
Wandered this barren waste; the same I now.
Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who *thou* art?"

THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS

This picture of the forerunner of Christ is hung in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice. It was painted by the renowned Venetian master, Titian (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477–1576)

Whom thus answered the archfiend, now undisguised:
"'T is true, I am that spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep—
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens
Hath He excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when He
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And, when to all His angels He proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge:
For what He bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire

BAPTISM OF THE REDEEMER

Painted by the Roman master, Carlo Maratta (1625–1713). This inspired work may be seen in the Tribune of the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome, where the painter lies buried

To see Thee, and approach Thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold Thy Godlike deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind. Why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence: by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe!
At first it may be; but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small consolation, then, were man adjoined.
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied:
"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come

JESUS TEMPTED BY SATAN

This picture was one of the later works of Ary Scheffer (1797–1858), a noted French painter of Dutch extraction. The painting is hung in the Palace of the Louvre, Paris

Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,
To all the host of Heaven. The happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
So never more in hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles
By thee are given, and what confessed more true
Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood,

CHRIST MINISTERED UNTO BY THE ANGELS

This painting, illustrating the passage in Matthew 4 : 11, was painted by Charles Le Brun (1619–1690), a master of the French School of painting. It hangs in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris

And, not well understood, as good not known?
Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concerned him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more, with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere —
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent His living Oracle
Into the world to teach His final will,
And sends His Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned:
"Sharply Thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urged me hard with doings which not will,
But misery, hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst Thou find one miserable,
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

In this painting of John the Baptist by the Italian painter, Pompeo Girolamo Batoni (1708–1787), is evident the artist's great gift of portraiture. The painting illustrates the words in John 1:29, "Behold the Lamb of God"

But Thou art placed above me, Thou art Lord·
From Thee I can, and· must, submiss, endure
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
Her dictates from Thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me
To hear Thee when I come (since no man comes),
And talk at least, though I despair to attain."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

BUT to His mother Mary, when she saw
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of Him none,

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA

One of the six famous pictures of the Marriage at Cana, painted by Paolo Caliari, surnamed Veronese, an Italian painter of the sixteenth century. This picture hangs in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, Germany

Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:
"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as imminent above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore:
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter Him or me
From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
A manger His; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought His life, and, missing, filled
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; His life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son owned from Heaven by His Father's voice,
I looked for some great change. To honour? no;
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising He should be

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN

Painted by Carlo Vogel, a modern master. The work is known as "Cristo benedicente" or Christ Blessing the Children, and is hung in the Gallery of Ancient and Modern Art in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, Italy

Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against — that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high!
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays He now? Some great intent
Conceals Him. When twelve years He scarce had seen,
I lost Him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose Himself, but went about
His Father's business. What He meant I mused —
Since understand; much more His absence now
Thus long to some great purpose He obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling;

THE while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into Himself descended, and at once
All His great work to come before Him set —
How to begin, how to accomplish best

CHRIST HEALING THE PARALYTIC

Painted by the French painter, Jean Restout (1692–1768), this picture may now be seen in the Louvre Museum at Paris. Christ is addressing the man sick with the palsy and bidding him to rise

His end of being on earth, and mission high.
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left Him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat.
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began:
"Princes, Heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones;
Demonian spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble)—such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was empowered,
Have found Him, viewed Him, tasted Him; but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men.
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far—
If He be Man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence

THE MAGDALENE AT THE FEET OF THE REDEEMER

Here Christ is seen in the home of Simon the Pharisee (Luke 7 : 47). Painted by Alessandro Bonvicino, surnamed il Moretto (1498–1555), in the church of Santa Maria Calchera at Brescia, Italy

Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatched."

So spake the old serpent, doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised:
"Set women in His eye and in His walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned

THE SAVIOUR

A painting by the great Titian (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477–1576). This youthful work of the illustrious master of the Venetian School now hangs in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.
But He, whom we attempt, is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy—with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
(Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wrecked);
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.
And now I know He hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and His strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,
After forty days' fasting, had remained,

THE BLIND BEGGARS OF JERICHO

A work by the French master, Nicolas Poussin (1593–1665), the most admired painter of his age. This admirable composition now hangs in the National Museum of the Louvre at Paris

Now hungering first, and to Himself thus said:
"Where will this end? Four times ten days I have passed
Wandering this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast,
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain. So it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Communed in silent walk, then laid Him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There He slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought He by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn —

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS WITH THE HEAD OF ST. JOHN

An early work of the celebrated Venetian master, Titian (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477–1576). This picture now hangs in the gallery of the Doria Palace at Rome

Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought.
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper — then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah He partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from His grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting He went to sleep, and fasting waked.

Up to a hill anon His steps He reared,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
When suddenly a man before Him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to Him addressed:
"With granted leave officious I return
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,

JESUS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER

According to eminent authority, the work of a painter of the school of Veronese, probably the great master, Paolo Caliari, surnamed Veronese (1528–1588). Christ is bidding farewell to his mother before the Passion. The picture is hung in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famished, had not God
Rained from Heaven manna; and that prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of Thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus: "What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast Thou hunger then?" Satan replied.
"Tell me, if food were now before Thee set,
Wouldst Thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
The giver," answered Jesus. "Why should that
Cause Thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend.
"Hast Thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures, by just right, to Thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offered first
To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;

CHRIST BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER

Painted, according to eminent authority, by Paris Bordone (1500–1570), a celebrated Venetian painter and a pupil of Titian. The picture now hangs in the Civic Museum at Padua, Italy

Nor proffered by an enemy—though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,
Nature, ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that Thou shouldst hunger hath purveyed
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat Thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour: only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour, lifting up His eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!

Such was the splendour; and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed:
"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure:

THE REDEEMER

Painted by Carlo Dolci (1616–1686), a Florentine painter noted for the extreme care and devoutness with which he worked. This work is hung in the picture gallery of the Museum at Dresden, Germany

Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
What doubt'st Thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:
"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, malcontent:
"That I have also power to give Thou seest;
If of that power I bring Thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to Thy apparent need,

ECCE HOMO

One of the most noted works of Guido Reni (1575–1642), the illustrious master of the Bolognese School of painting. Now in the picture gallery of the Museum at Dresden, Germany

Why shouldst Thou not accept it? But I see
What I can do or offer is suspect.
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that
Both table and provision vanished quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:

Only the importune tempter remained,
And with these words his temptation pursued:
"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all Thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter Thy father known, Thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost Thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst Thou gain,
Or at Thy heels the dizzy multitude
Longer than Thou canst feed them on Thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,

LO SPASIMO DI SICILIA

One of the most powerful creations of the great Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio, 1483–1520). It was originally executed for a church in Palermo, Sicily; hence its name. The picture now hangs in the Prado Museum, Madrid

And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things Thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap —
Not difficult, if Thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it, gained —
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved:
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds –
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? Yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,

THE MARYS AT CALVARY

This striking scene is the work of the modern Italian master, Domenico Morelli (1826–). It illustrates the passage in Luke 23 : 49—"And the women stood afar off." The painting hangs in the Villa Beniamino Rotondo at Naples, Italy

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king —
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force — which, to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why should they be sought —
To gain a sceptre, oftest better missed."

CRUCIFIXION

Painted by Guido Reni (1575–1642) and now in the picture gallery at Bologna. This picture is placed above all others of the crucifixion for pathos, dignity, truth, and intense reality

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renewed, Him thus accosts:
"I see Thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to Thy words accord; Thy words
To Thy large heart give utterance due; Thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
These Godlike virtues wherefore dost Thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at Thy acts, Thyself
The fame and glory — glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest?"

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,

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THE WORK IS DONE

This beautiful work was painted by Henricus Johannes Sinkel (1835–), a modern Netherlands artist. The original painting is part of a private collection

The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
This is true glory and renown—when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all His angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises. Thus He did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven; on earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies,
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,

THE SPEAR THRUST

One of Rubens's most celebrated and most carefully executed pictures. It was painted in 1620 for the Church of the Franciscans and may now be seen in the Museum at Antwerp, Belgium

Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence—
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied:
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling Thy great Father. He seeks glory,
And for His glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven,
By all His angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.
Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
Glory He requires, and glory He receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
From us, His foes pronounced, glory He exacts."

THE CRUCIFIXION

Painted by Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), this picture now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris. The figures at the foot of the Cross are the Virgin, the Magdalene, and John

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
"And reason; since His Word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth His goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return Him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence!
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—
Who, for so many benefits received,
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoiled;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs?
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance His glory, not their own,
Them He Himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck

From a Carbon Print by Braun & Co., of Paris and New York

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

Rubens's far-famed masterpiece, a work of masterly arrangement and rich and harmonious coloring. This picture was painted in 1612 for the beautiful cathedral at Antwerp, Belgium

With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:
"Of glory, as Thou wilt," said he, "so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom Thou art born—ordained
To sit upon Thy father David's throne,
By mother's side Thy father, though Thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms.
Judæa now and all the Promised Land
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled
With temperate sway: oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts.
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus. And think'st Thou to regain
Thy right in sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Machabeus. He indeed
Retired unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed
That by strong hand his family obtained,
Through priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move Thee not, let move Thee zeal
And duty—zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

A work by the great Florentine colorist, Andrea d'Angelo di Francesco, called del Sarto (1486–1531). This picture, among the finest of Andrea's creations, now hangs in the gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence

They themselves rather are occasion best —
Zeal of Thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt Thou best fulfill, best verify,
The Prophets old, who sung Thy endless reign —
The happier reign the sooner it begins.
Reign then; what canst Thou better do the while?'

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned:
"All things are best fulfilled in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.
If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told
That it shall never end, so, when begin,
The Father in His purpose hath decreed —
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if He hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
Well hath obeyed — just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it *thee* when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? Why art *thou*

PIETÀ

This picture was painted by the great Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), noted for the magnificence of his colors. It is hung in the Prado Gallery at Madrid

Solicitous? What moves *thy* inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied:
"Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemned,
And will alike be punished, whether Thou
Reign or reign not — though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could fly, and hope Thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and Thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell),
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,
Why move Thy feet so slow to what is best?
Happiest, both to Thyself and all the world,

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

The work of the Florentine master, Fra Bartolommeo della Porta (1475–1517), and ranked among the most beautiful products of Italian art. This picture, one of the master's last works, may be seen in the gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence, Italy

That Thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their King!
Perhaps Thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!
No wonder; for, though in Thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem few days'
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst Thou observe?
The world Thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring Thee where Thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before Thine eyes
The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state—
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of Thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries; that Thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then), he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.

MATER DOLOROSA

This beautiful painting is the work of a modern German artist, Martin Feuerstein (1856–). It is now part of a private collection

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,
Then, meeting, joined their tribute to the sea.
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large
The prospect was that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

TO this high mountain-top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began:
"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league. Here Thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success

CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB

This beautiful entombment was painted by the modern Italian artist, Antonio Ciseri (1821–1891). It may now be seen on the wall of the pilgrimage-church of Santa Maria del Sasso in Locarno, Switzerland, on the shore of beautiful Lake Maggiore

Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all Thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Turning with easy eye, Thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time Thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste. See, though from far
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,

MADONNA DELLA PIETÀ

The chief treasure of the Bologna Gallery, painted by the Bolognese painter, Guido Reni (1575–1642). The picture consists of two parts, of which this is the upper.

Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound—
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And wagons fraught with utensils of war.

Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,
And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:
"That Thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds Thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought Thee hither, and show
All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold

MATER DOLOROSA

This Mater Dolorosa, painted by Titian (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477–1576), is a work of the artist's middle period. The picture now hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid

By prophet or by angel, unless Thou
Endeavour, as Thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But, say Thou wert possessed of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst Thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure Thy own: the Parthian first,
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render Thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which Thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
By him Thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall Thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor—
Deliverance of Thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old

CHRIST IN THE TOMB

Simon Vouet, who painted this picture, was a famous painter of the first half of the seventeenth century. Christ in the Tomb is one of the best examples of his style. The picture is hung in the Palace of the Louvre at Paris

Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before Thee to deliver.
These if from servitude Thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne!
My time, I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off), is not yet come.
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me—argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,
I must deliver, if I mean to reign

MATER DOLOROSA

A striking work of the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). The picture now hangs in the Concordi Gallery at Rovigo, Italy

David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons:
But whence to *thee* this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israel—which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Yet He at length, time to Himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,

ST. JOHN LEADING THE VIRGIN MARY FROM THE TOMB

This beautiful work was painted by the Scottish historical painter, William Dyce (1806–1864). The picture is now part of the collection of paintings known as the Tate Gallery, London

As the Red Sea and Jordan once He cleft,
When to the Promised Land their fathers passed.
To His due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with Truth falsehood contends.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve:
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,

THE MADONNA

This painting, known as the Madonna del Dito, or Madonna of the Finger, is the work of the noted Italian master, Carlo Dolci (1616–1686). Now at the Borghese Gallery, Rome

(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end —
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.

He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence He might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From cold septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, off whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to His eyes
Above the height of mountains interposed.

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:
"The city which Thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations; there the Capitol Thou seest,

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

One of the paintings by Jacopo Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto (1518–1594), on the walls of the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice, which have been so admirably described by Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice." The Resurrection of Christ reproduced here is in the large council hall of the school

Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods — so well I have disposed
My aëry microscope — Thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round Thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay —
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, Thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,

GRIEVING MADONNA

This beautiful Mater Dolorosa is the work of the modern Italian master, Alessandro Franchi. The painting may be seen in the Cappella Gentilizia di Santa Regina at Siena, Italy

Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shown Thee, I have shown Thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreæ, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as Thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st Thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a sty; and, in his place ascending,
A victor-people free from servile yoke!
And with my help Thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it Thee.
Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;
Aim at the highest; without the highest attained,
Will be for Thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,

CHRIST AND THE MAGDALENE

An early work of the Italian painter, Antonio Allegri, surnamed Correggio (1494–1534), now at the Prado Gallery in Madrid. This master's work is noted for the sweetness of expression, the graceful pose of the figures, and the luminosity of the colors

Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
And studs of pearl—to me shouldst tell, who thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh! What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries! Then proceed'st to talk
Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such?
Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world;
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:

From a Carbor Print by Braun & Co., of Paris and New York

ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST

The far-famed Ascension by the Italian master, Pietro di Cristoforo Vannucci, surnamed il Perugino (1446–1523). It was painted for the church of S. Pietro at Perugia, Italy. Now in the museum at Lyons, France

"I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On the other side know also Thou that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught.
All these, which in a moment Thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to Thee I give
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please),
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition: if Thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as Thy superior lord
(Easily done), and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain:
"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition.
But I endure the time, till which expired,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve';
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee, accursed? now more accursed
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,

PENTECOST

Painted by Adriaan Van der Werff (1659–1722), of the Dutch School of painters. This picture, remarkable for its color and chiaroscuro effect, may now be seen in the Royal Gallery of Old Pictures at Munich, Germany

And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all Supreme? If given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear and shame
As offer them to me, the Son of God —
To me my own, on such abhorrèd pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied:
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God —
Though Sons of God both angels are and men —
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these Thou bear'st that title, have proposed
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quartered winds —
God of this world invoked, and world beneath.
Who then Thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamaged Thee no way,

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST

Painted by the great Titian in 1543, this picture may be seen, now much darkened by age, in the last chapel to the left in the church of Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, Italy

Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise Thee; gain them as Thou canst, or not;
And Thou Thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged,
When, slipping from Thy mother's eye, Thou went'st
Alone into the Temple, there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbis, disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous, then,
By wisdom; as Thy empire must extend,
So let extend Thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much Thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as Thou mean'st.
Without their learning, how wilt Thou with them,
Or they with Thee, hold conversation meet?

THE ASCENSION OF THE MAGDALENE

The artist, Jose Ribera (1588–1656), surnamed il Spagnoletto, was born in Spain but studied and executed most of his paintings at Naples, Italy. This picture is at the Académia de San Fernando, Madrid

How wilt Thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There Thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,

APOSTLES VISITING THE MADONNA

An old fresco in the Public Palace at Siena, Italy, painted by Taddeo di Bartolo (1363–1422). The scene represents a visit of the Apostles to the Madonna after the death of Christ

Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democraty,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.
These here revolve, or, as Thou likest, at home,
Till time mature Thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render Thee a king complete
Within Thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:

THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE

Here the Virgin is seen receiving communion from St. John the Apostle. The painting is by the French master, Jacques Emile Lafon (1817–1886), and may be seen in the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris

"Think not but that I know these things; or, think
I know them not, not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought. He who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue joined with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?

DEATH OF THE VIRGIN

Painted by Carlo Maratta (1625–1713), a Roman master of the Realistic School of painting. This remarkable work may now be seen in the gallery of paintings at the Villa Albani at Rome

Much of the soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse Him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strewed
With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived—
Ill imitated while they loudest sing

THE BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN

Painted by Boccaccio Boccaccino, an Italian painter who worked in the latter part of the fifteenth century, this painting may now be seen in the Civic Picture Gallery at Ferrara, Italy

The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or songs, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
The top of eloquence — statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),
Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied:
"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire, pleases Thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost Thou in this world? The wilderness
For Thee is fittest place: I found Thee there,
And thither will return Thee. Yet remember
What I foretell Thee; soon Thou shalt have cause

ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

A beautiful creation by the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). It was painted as an altar piece for the church of Sant' Ambrogio, in Genoa, where it may still be seen

To wish Thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,
Which would have set Thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fullness of time, Thy season,
When prophecies of Thee are best fulfilled.
Now, contrary—if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heaven write aught of Fate—by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attend Thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.
A kingdom they portend Thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure—as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

SO saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired), and to the wilderness
Brought back, the Son of God, and left Him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light, and absent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,

ASSUMPTION OF THE MADONNA

A detail of the celebrated Assumption painted by the early Venetian master, Titian (1477–1576). This picture was originally painted for the high altar of the church of the Frari at Venice and now hangs in the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice, Italy

After His aëry jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook Him to His rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick-intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night His sheltered head;
But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at His head
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturbed His sleep. And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast Thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed Thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair

THE EMPTY TOMB

A detail of the painting known as the "Coronation of the Virgin," by the great Raphael (Raffaello Sanzio, 1483–1520). In the upper half of this painting, which hangs in the Vatican Gallery at Rome, is the scene of the Virgin's coronation

Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to Him said:
"Fair morning yet betides Thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack;

MADONNA DEL POPOLO

This picture was painted in 1579 by the Italian artist, Federigo Barocci (1528–1612). It now hangs in the Uffizi Palace at Rome. The Madonna in Paradise is interceding in behalf of mankind

As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
Yet, as being ofttimes noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at Thee, for only Thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell Thee, if Thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win Thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue Thy way
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when
(For both the when and how is nowhere told),
Thou shalt be what Thou art ordained, no doubt;
For angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
The time and means? Each act is rightliest done
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If Thou observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold Thee — many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,

CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

This masterpiece, "a harmony of red, blue, and gray," by the great Spanish artist, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez (1599–1660), was painted for the oratory of the Spanish Queen, Mariana. It now hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid

Ere Thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night that closed Thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn Thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:
"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.
I never feared they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
Betokening or ill-boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit! and wouldst be thought my God;
And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will! Desist (thou art discerned,
And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:
"Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born!
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of Thy birth, at length
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,

CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

A work of the Bolognese master, Guido Reni (1575–1642). This picture is painted on copper and is noted for the elegance of its finish. Now in the National Gallery at London

And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On Thy birth-night, that sung Thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, Thy childhood, and Thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from Heaven
Heard Thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
Thenceforth I thought Thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning Thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
The Son of God I also am, or was;
And, if I was, I am; relation stands:
All men are sons of God; yet Thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watched Thy footsteps from that hour,
And followed Thee still on to this waste wild,
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what He is; His wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league,

THE VIRGIN IN GLORY

This charming Madonna is by Alessandro Varotari, surnamed il Padovanino (1590–1650), a master of the Venetian School of painting. Now at the Royal Academy at Venice

To win Him, or win from Him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try Thee, sift Thee, and confess have found Thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant and as a centre, firm;
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemned, and may again.
Therefore, to know what more Thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

SO saying, he caught Him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:
"There stand, if Thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask Thee skill. I to Thy Father's house
Have brought Thee, and highest placed: highest is best.
Now show Thy progeny; if not to stand,

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THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Painted by Henricus Johannes Sinkel (1835–), *a modern Netherlands master. The original painting is privately owned. This is one of the sweetest of the modern conceptions of the Madonna and Child*

Cast Thyself down. Safely, if Son of God:
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning Thee to His angels; in their hands
They shall uplift Thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash Thy foot against a stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood;

But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth's son, Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,

THE VIRGIN SURROUNDED BY THE HOLY INNOCENTS

This masterpiece was painted by the renowned Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640). The original picture hangs in the Palace of the Louvre at Paris

Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.

SO Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans received Him soft
From His uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;
Then, in a flowery valley, set Him down
On a green bank, and set before Him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink,
That soon refreshed Him wearied, and repaired
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,
Or thirst; and, as He fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of His victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud:

"True Image of the Father, whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
Wandering the wilderness — whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
Against the attempter of Thy Father's throne
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old

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QUEEN OF THE ANGELS

One of the most pleasing of the creations of the modern French painter, Adolphe Bouguereau (1825–1905). It was painted in 1900 and is now part of a private collection

Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army; now Thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom Thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstal;
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under His feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound),
By this repulse received, and hold'st in hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God; He, all unarmed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of His voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul —
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest He command them down into the deep,

PARADISE

The central figures in the vast Paradise, a picture by Jacopo Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto (1518–1594), reputed to be the largest painting ever done on canvas. It was painted in 1588 and is hung in the Palace of the Doges at Venice

Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, Heir of both Worlds,
Queller of Satan! On Thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,
Brought on His way with joy. He, unobserved,
Home to His mother's house private returned.

JOHN MILTON
A portrait of the great poet by the German artist, Krämer. Part of a private collection

GLORY OF PARADISE

An admirable example of the masterly skill of the Venetian painter, Paris Bordone (1500–1570), pupil of the great Titian. This picture hangs in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, Italy

NOTES

The reading matter in this volume is so arranged that the events appear in their proper order: first, the prophecies of the coming of the Messiah; second, the fulfillment of the prophecies in the birth of the Saviour; third, the consequences to man of the advent of the Son of God and his triumph over the temptation of Satan in the wilderness.

Much matter is crowded into comparatively small space, necessitating abridgment of the original text. In order not to mar the mechanical beauty of the pages, nor divert the attention of readers, the usual indications of omissions have been eliminated, as well as the chapters and verses of the lines quoted from the Bible.

Attention is called to the arrangement of the passages from the Scriptures and the Sibylline Oracles. The purpose has been to bring out clearly and consecutively the prevailing idea in each writing.

The introductory passage at the head of the Sibylline Oracles is a version first published in the Christian Remembrancer, vol. xlii, 1861. It will be noted that the first letters of the lines together form the words "Jesus Christ Son of God, The Saviour, The Cross."

POPE'S "MESSIAH." In reading several passages of the prophet, Isaias, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Vergil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Vergil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify

his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet.—*Alexander Pope.*

MILTON'S "PARADISE REGAINED." Of the origin of *Paradise Regained*, we have an authentic account in the Autobiography of Thomas Ellwood, an Oxfordshire Quaker, who had been introduced to Milton in London, in or about 1662, and had been employed to read to him now that he had become totally blind. During the great Plague of 1665, Ellwood had taken a cottage for Milton at Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. There the poet put into his hands the MS. of *Paradise Lost*, bidding him read it at his leisure and give his opinion upon the work. "After I had," says Ellwood, "with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise *Lost*, but what hast thou to say of Paradise *Found?*' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait upon him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

"THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES." The Sibyls occupy a conspicuous place in the traditions and history of ancient Greece

and Rome. Their fame was spread abroad long before the beginning of the Christian era. Heraclitus of Ephesus, some five centuries B.C., compared himself to the Sibyl "who, speaking with inspired mouth, without a smile, without ornament, and without perfume, penetrates through centuries by the power of the gods." Various oracles, purporting to have been uttered by the Sibyls, are found in the writings of Pausanias, Plutarch, Livy, and other ancient authors of less celebrity.

Justin Martyr cites verses of the Sibyl and treats them with as much regard as if they were a portion of the Hebrew scriptures.

Theophilus of Antioch quotes the words of the Sibyl as if they were holy scriptures.

Tertulian says that the Sibyl was earlier than all literature and the prophetess of truth.

Eusebius, Augustine, Jerome, and other fathers still later occasionally refer to the writings of the Sibyl as an inspired authority.

These Sibylline books are quoted by Josephus, Athenagoras, Clement of Alexandria, Lactantius, and other Christian fathers, and are treated by some of them as if they were as authoritative as the Holy Scriptures. They have also acquired no little importance in the modern study of apocalyptics. Lücke and Stuart give them much space and attention in their learned works on the Revelation of John, and a considerable literature has grown up around them.

But the fullest account of the Sibyls which we possess is found in the writings of Lactantius, one of the Latin fathers who flourished about the close of the third century of our era, and who refers to Varro as his authority. As this passage seems to have been the principal source of information for later writers, we can do no better service for our readers than to produce it here:

"Marcus Varro, than whom no one more learned ever lived, neither among the Greeks, nor even among the Latins, in books on sacred subjects which he wrote to Caius Caesar, the chief pontiff, when he was speaking of the Quindecemviri, says that the Sibylline books were not the work of one Sibyl, but were called by one name, Sibylline, since all female prophets were called Sibyls by the

ancients, either from the name of the one at Delphi, or from their announcing the counsels of the gods. For in the Æolic manner of speaking they call the gods *sious* (σιούς), not theous (θεούς), and counsel is not boule (βουλή), but bule (βυλή); and so Sibyl is pronounced as siobule (σιοβυλή). But the Sibyls were ten in number, and all these he enumerated under authors who had written of each one. And first there was the Persian of whom mention is made by Nicanor, who wrote the history of Alexander of Macedon; the second was the Libyan, whom Euripides mentions in the prologue of the Lamia; the third was the Delphian, of whom Chrysippus speaks in that book which he composed on divination; the fourth was the Cimmerian in Italy, whom Nævius in his books of the Punic War and Piso in his annals names; the fifth was the Erythræan, whom Apollodorus of Erythræa affirms to have been his own countrywoman and to have prophesied to the Greeks who were moving against Ilium both that Troy would be destroyed and that Homer would write falsehoods; the sixth was the Samian, of whom Eratosthenes writes that he had found something written in the ancient annals of the Samians; the seventh was the Cumæan, by name Amalthea, who is by others called Demophile or Herophile. She brought nine books to King Tarquinius Priscus, and asked three hundred pieces of gold for them, but the King spurned the greatness of the price and laughed at the insanity of the woman. She thereupon in sight of the king burned three of them, and for the rest asked the same price; but Tarquinius all the more thought the woman was insane. But when again, having destroyed three more, she persisted in the same price, the king was moved, and bought what was left for three hundred pieces of gold. Afterward their number was increased, the capitol being rebuilt, for they were collected out of all the cities both of Italy and Greece, and especially of Erythræa, and brought to Rome in the name of whatever Sibyl they chanced to be. The eighth Sibyl was the Hellespontine, born in the Trojan country, in the village of Marpessus, near the town of Gergitha. Heraclides of Pontus writes that she lived in the times of Solon and Cyrus. The ninth was the Phrygian, who prophesied at Ancyra; the tenth was the Tiburtine, by name Albunea, who is worshiped at Tibur as a goddess, near the banks of the river Anio, in which stream her image is said to have been found, holding a book in her hand. Her oracular responses the Senate transferred into the capitol." — From Professor Terry's Preface and Introduction to his translation of "The Sibylline Oracles," published by the Methodist Book Concern, Edition 1890, and Revised after Rzach, 1899; price $2.00.

VERGIL'S "POLLIO." The Poet celebrates the birthday of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salona, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.—*John Dryden.*

Caius Asinius Pollio, Roman orator, author, and patron of literature, was born at Rome in 76 B.C. Having taken up arms for Antony and Octavius, he secured the office of consul through their influence in 40 B.C. He saved the patrimony of Vergil from confiscation and, in gratitude, Vergil addressed to him the fourth eclogue. Pollio founded the first public library at Rome, and patronized Vergil, Horace, and other poets. He also wrote several poems, which were praised by Vergil, and a valuable history of the civil wars in Rome.

THE PICTURES. The gallery of pictures is chosen from among the finest and best-known examples of the painter's art of all times. Considering the wide range in the nationality and date of birth of the artists, and also the differences in style and technique, particular care and judgment were necessary in the selection, so as to provide a consecutive series without too startling contrasts in spirit and execution.

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